Week ending Nov. 28 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Heart-warming . . gay . . moving . . complete book extract

DOCTOR'S DIARY

Nkrumah says hail and farewell to royalty

GILBERT HARDING The seven deadly sins today

The witch and the storyteller . . . by BRIAN CLEEVE

On the road in Swedish Lapland some of the test cars meet typical Arctic weather. In conditions like these, starting was easier and warm-up more rapid with BP 'Visco-static' motor oil.

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Because it flows more freely in cold weather BP 'Visco-static' prevents the heavy wear that usually occurs immediately after cold starting. Tests in the laboratory and on the road with the amazing radio-active wear detector showed 80% less wear on piston rings compared with ordinary oils.

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With BP 'Visco-static' your car starts more easily, gives better performance and will last longer. So change now. But remember for best results you should make a complete change – have your old oil drained away and replaced with BP 'Visco-static'.

BP

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JOHN BULL
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Contents

ARTICLES

NKRUMAH SAYS HAIL AND FAREWELL TO ROYALTY
by Ian MacDonald 11
THE ODD BOYS OUT
by Dr. Terence Morris 23

STORIES

THE WITCH AND THE STORY-TELLER
by Brian Cleeve 8
A WIFE FOR OUR HUW
by John Davies 13

SERIALS

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY (Part 2)
by Gilbert Harding 12
THE LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT (Part 3)
by J. Wentworth Day 14
THE GOLDEN DEED (Part 4)
by Andrew Garve 24

BOOK EXTRACT

DOCTOR'S DIARY
by Hubert Bagster 17

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING .. 21
POP IT IN A RACK 22
WORTH NOTING 46

FEATURES

THE STATION CAT: 10. IN SHORT: 19. MIDDLE AGE: 26, 32, 35, 36. JOKES: 27, 31, 32, 34, 37, 41, 44. EVERYBODY'S PUZZLING: 28. STARKE'S GUIDE TO WINTER WARMTH: 30. DACHSIE: 38. EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD: 45. WE ADVISE: 46.

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The Cover

SOMEWHERE in this muddy heap of fur there's a heart pounding a kitten's kind of gratitude. Before he found this bright corner of a cruel world he'd died several of his nine small lives in the High Street. He saw people there, large people with heads so high they seemed to miss the things near the ground . . . like *him*. "Well," says artist Coleman, "he's managed to win over three children without even trying. But he'll have his work cut out when Mum and Dad get home"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Check On Your Health

IF ever a nation was conscious of its health it is Britain. Vast sums are spent on fighting all kinds of ills and diseases—yet we always hear doctors complaining that steps which could prevent ill health are thwarted because of lack of funds.

I have an idea which might cut down our illness rate—and not cost a great deal of money. I would like to see every adult given an annual medical inspection by a competent doctor.

The procedure need not take longer than an hour, but the saving in the long run of money and time would be immense. Illnesses would be checked at their beginning, by doctors giving treatment designed to help people who seem prone to such troubles as anaemia, bronchitis and high blood pressure.

Soon everybody would be able to carry around a medical check-up card which could be produced for insurance companies and prospective employers.

The time might come when young couples would ask to see each other's cards before going steady.—A. M. JONES, Bedford.

Deplorable Strings

I am fortunate in knowing a few influential people without whose help I would miss many pleasures in life.

Recently I tried to get tickets for a Christmas Eve performance. It was fully booked. Then I rang a restaurant for a table on the same night, and got the same answer.

Finally, and reluctantly, I had to let my string-pulling friend do the necessary. He got theatre tickets and a restaurant booking without any trouble.

I deplore this practice even though I use it. We should be thankful that fresh air is free, otherwise I am sure it would become a rare commodity obtainable only by courtesy of the man in the know.—L. H., Manchester.

Unfair To The Old

The law under which cars over ten years of age must be tested comes into force soon. I think that the method being adopted to ensure that all old cars are roadworthy is unfair.

Why only cars over ten years old? Any car nowadays over two years old is liable to require replacements, and if one examined the accident records I am sure that most accidents were not caused by old cars but by new cars being driven too fast.

In any case, old cars constantly need attention and many would require more attention only a short time after an official examination.—J. M. ALLEN, Rotherham, Yorks.

An Open House

I have just had a narrow escape from this frightening modern world. I managed to sell my super open-plan, split-level house, and I'm still sighing with relief.

For a start, it was almost impossible to heat it—there's such a volume of unenclosed air—and one always seemed to be sitting in an icy draught.

I have three children. Homework and piano lessons were incompatible with television—but they all took place more or less in the same room. My daughter's courting activities presented another problem.

There was nowhere to lock up the dog and the whole house became a footpath for his muddy feet.

It's a great relief to slam the door

and work up a fug with a fireplace and some coal, lock the dog in the kitchen and leave the parlour to my daughter and her boy friend.—L. T. ROBERTS, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Roads Built To Melt

With the winter here and icy roads causing accidents, couldn't some brainy person invent a de-icing mixture which, when added to the materials used to resurface roads, would ensure an ice-free roadway? Gradually all roads could be treated and in winter we would not need armies of men spreading gravel.—MRS. M. AYRES, Didcot, Berks.

"We are waiting for frosty weather to try out the effects of putting salt in asphalt to melt ice," says the Road Research Laboratory.

"The other effective automatic way of clearing ice is by laying electric heating just under the road surface. This has been done at Slough (Bucks), Kingston (Surrey) and in a part of Edinburgh. It's a very effective system for short stretches, but would cost too much to be applied generally."

Train Spotting?

Has the pride gone out of engine-cleaning on our railways? I have never seen locomotives looking so filthy. Perhaps I saw the answer to this on the platform at Temple Meads Station, Bristol.

Four boys with cleaning materials waited the arrival of each train and treated the nameplates, numbers and British Railways insignia to a cleaning.

Afterwards the brasswork looked a treat.—W. L. PHILLIPS, Clevedon, Somerset.

"I am afraid that whatever the state of our engines we cannot welcome this kind of unofficial help, however well intentioned," says a British Railways spokesman.

"We make every effort to keep our engines presentable, but there is a shortage of cleaning staff."

Selling Line

Today's salesmen certainly use ingenuity. A friend of mine had a letter from a mail-order firm, asking for a reference for me, with special regard to my social status, honesty and capability of handling large sums of money. They said—quite wrongly—that I had applied for an agency.

This week my daughter's headmaster tells me that he strongly denies recommending a certain encyclopaedia now being sold in the town on the strength of his recommendation.—MRS. NANCY CHADWICK, Royton, Lancs.

Bobby In White

I have often wondered why police on traffic duty at night do not wear white coats. Recently I had great difficulty in avoiding a policeman in the road driving home at night.

Many school crossing patrols can be seen wearing coats on duty—but that's only in the daytime.—RAYMOND W. MARTIN, Upleadon, Newent, Glos.

"This is a question which each local police authority has to decide," says the Home Office. "But we understand that white coats are being used in several places for policemen on traffic duty at night."

Soccer Password

A friend of mine was walking along a coast road in northern Spain in the early hours of the morning when he was stopped by a policeman. My friend had no passport with him

and in his limited Spanish tried to convince the policeman that he was an English bank clerk on holiday, and not a smuggler.

"Very well," said the policeman. "If you are English tell me, how old is Stanley Matthews?"

My friend supplied the required information and was allowed to go. He has been a supporter of Blackpool ever since.—I. M. GRIFFITHS, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

Home Hindrance

As a teacher I have often found that one of the biggest causes of backwardness in reading are parents who give coaching at home.

Nearly always parents teach capitals instead of small letters and the names of the letters instead of their sounds.

They go through the alphabet from A to Z instead of starting with a few common consonants and one vowel and proceeding to three-letter word building.

Premature coaching results in a mixed-up child. He cannot tackle sentences which are the usual introduction to reading in modern schools. This early discouragement breeds backwardness later on.—MRS. MILDRED STEPHENS, Bradford, 7.

"Many teachers have their own theories about the way to teach reading," says an educationist. "It would be advisable for parents to try to follow the method their child's teacher is following.

"Generally, however, parents who give coaching cause less harm than those who show no interest at all."

Genuine Heroes

Recently a reader referred to heroes and he mentioned footballers, racing-drivers, jockeys and film

THEIR VIEWS COUNT

Courtenay Edwards, DAILY MAIL

The Triumph Herald—"I liked these things about the new Triumph: sophisticated good looks; parkability; light, positive steering; and business-like brakes."

R. E. C. Jennings, THE MOTOR

"On corners, the Triumph Herald is particularly pleasing... Not only does it offer what many people want, but it also possesses in high degree that elusive quality of charm..."

W. A. McKenzie, DAILY TELEGRAPH

The Triumph Herald—"I found the maximum speed of the saloon a little over 70 m.p.h. and that of the coupé over 80. Acceleration was vivid in both models, aided by a four-speed gearbox and a short, ready-to-hand floor-based lever."

Tom Wisdom, DAILY HERALD

The Triumph Herald—"Here at last is a really modern British family car destined for success... The Herald is the car with the mostest."

Alan Brinton, NEWS CHRONICLE

"... the Triumph Herald ...has many remarkable features ... Mr. Dick was determined to sell a complete car, not a machine to which items have to be added and paid for afterwards."

TRIUMPH Herald

The new experience in motoring!

STANDARD TRIUMPH

Free Speech

continued from page 3

stars. How trivial seem such heroes in comparison with the real McKay. On this exposed coast great storms are well known, but recently we experienced one of the worst.

Knowing that two other lifeboats had foundered, and realizing that, in the terrible conditions prevailing, they were going to almost certain death, eight local men took out the local lifeboat to help small boats that were at the mercy of the tempest.

These volunteers were scared stiff, but they went, to serve others in need.

They were spared. Men with such spirit are the real heroes.—Miss SOPHIA BUCHAN, Albert Street, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

The Ghostly Piper

David Walker's amusing tale of the leaping piper (JOHN BULL, October 31) reminds me of humorous incidents last summer in the small Yorkshire town in which I live.

Several women were unnerved by hearing the wail of bagpipes coming from the ruins of a house in a quiet country road.

Some of them were startled by the shadowy figure of a man marching up and down in the twilight.

It turned out that the man had taken a liking to the pipes, but his wife would not let him play at home. He took his music out into the country thinking he would annoy nobody there. He little realized how his playing was cutting short many an evening stroll.—E. W., Keighley, Yorks.

All One Mob

We have recently been told that the cost of defending this country works out at £2 a year for each British family.

This sum could be cut down if some parts of the three services became one. Obviously they need different leaders and separate fighting men, but uniforms could be standardized, accountancy could be amalgamated and pay rates made interchangeable.

All documentation, all the cooks and the clerks and signallers could be brought under one command.

Under this method, I can see defence costs being a great deal smaller than at present.—J. FOSTER, Exmouth, Devon.

Cure For Slouching

We see a lot of slouching in our streets today and it always makes me think of a retired army colonel who took a job as a drill-master in an old-fashioned girls' school.

Once a week he marched these girls round and round the schoolroom teaching them how to walk.

They had to practise the five points of good carriage; the body

TRIUMPH IN THE WEST
by Arthur Bryant

The sensational day-to-day diaries of Field Marshal

Lord Alanbrooke

The year's most controversial book—the book the whole world is arguing about. It has stirred opinions ranging from praise ("A fine character and a brilliant mind"—Lord Attlee) to anger ("Poppycock"—Major-General R. O. Barton, U.S. Army).

Could the war have ended in 1944, as Alanbrooke claims? Why did he clash with Churchill? What did he think privately of people like Bevin, Stalin, Macmillan, Roosevelt and Madame Chiang Kai-shek? Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke was the army's C.I.G.S. and wartime master planner. This is an important, revealing, challenging book—about fascinating people. It begins

NEXT WEEK

goes the question-mark from your Christmas shopping!

For every man on your Christmas list— BRĪ-NYLON socks! Now in an endless variety of colours—wonderfully soft with a smooth, snug fit. BRĪ-NYLON means not only the smartest thing in socks but also the right type of nylon for the socks you choose. Look for the BRĪ-NYLON mark—your sure buying-guide this Christmas and ever after.

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Peter Scott

SPORTSWEAR*

*OBTAINABLE FROM GOOD OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE

φ83

Free Speech

continued from page 4

erect, the head well poised, the shoulders thrown back, correct breathing and the legs swung from the hips.

With what gratitude at least one of his pupils—now elderly—recalls his teaching!—MISS M. R. BRYANT, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Conjuring With Names

Does the official mind recognize any difference between a signature and a full name? On a form accompanying a jury summons I was recently asked for "signature (full name)."

In most cases a signature is not one's full name. I have seen this ambiguous instruction on other official forms.—T. CHATER, Blagdon Road, New Malden, Surrey.

"In this case the importance of signing the full name is to ensure that the correct person is serving on the jury," says a lawyer. "In law your signature is your name written by your own hand. Sometimes you may use initials instead of Christian names and at others write in full, but in law all these variations are still legal signatures."

Not Bowled Out

Bowlers are "out," says a reader referring to sartorial customs on building sites ("Free Speech," November 7). This is not true in Merseyside dock and shipyard circles, where the foreman would never be seen without his "blocker" (so-called because the bowler is made on a block).

It is not only a sign of authority, but is a better protection than a homburg against accidentally dropped hammers and rivets.—FRANK SHAW, Nyland Road, Huyton, Liverpool.

. . . The lunch-hour watcher of building sites who considers that it is most important to wear the proper headgear is quite right.

But the correct headgear is not, as he suggests, a hat or a cap. It should be a safety helmet.

In view of the fact that every year building construction claims the highest percentage of industrial accidents, many caused by falling objects, it is surprising that many building workers consider these helmets as being sissy.—R. W. SAWDON SMITH, Caversham, Reading, Berks.

Requiem For A Bird

Travelling to work recently I noticed two bluetits making quick darts at an object in the road. After watching them for a while I noticed that the object was a dead bluetit.

The two birds seemed to be making a determined effort to move the body by pulling it with their beaks.

Do these birds remove their own dead? This might account for the fact that I have never before seen a dead bluetit.—M. C. FAIRLEY, Quinton Lane, Sittingbourne, Kent.

"This is a most interesting story," says an ornithologist. "Time and again cases of birds attacking dead of their own species come to light.

"One expert has described this as 'dismay'; what he means is that they are upset to a great degree. Why, we are not sure. I would say myself that bluetits do not have enough intelligence to try to remove their own dead."

Laying A Trace

We hear so often of pot-holers getting trapped that I wonder why these pot-holers have never thought of leaving trails as is done in a paper chase. A handful of paper scraps dropped every few yards would guide rescuers to where they were trapped.—MRS. EDITH KILMESTER, Devon Road, Bristol, 5.

"This would be quite a good idea if the majority of pot-holers who got in trouble were lost," says a pot-holer. "But generally they're stuck in some inaccessible spot. We know where they are but can't get at them.

"Often, of course, we use lines, which serve the same purpose as scattered paper."

Tale Of Tomatoes

Last autumn I bottled twenty-four pounds of tomatoes. They were skinned and cooked for an hour. Later I found that ten jars had become unsealed. In disgust I threw them all out in the garden for fertilizer.

This spring, to my astonishment, hundreds of young tomato plants appeared.

Just for fun I planted six of them out in the garden, and they have produced nearly a stone of nice large tomatoes, which I have just bottled.

It seems fantastic that these seeds should have retained their germination properties after being boiled for an hour, then fermented and finally thrown out to endure frost and snow.—MRS. F. K. BRIGGS, Manor Road, Preston, Yorks.

"The key to this story lies in Mrs. Briggs's bottling process," says a Tomato Board official. "It seems probable that either she didn't bring the tomatoes to the correct temperature for sterilization, or didn't maintain it long enough.

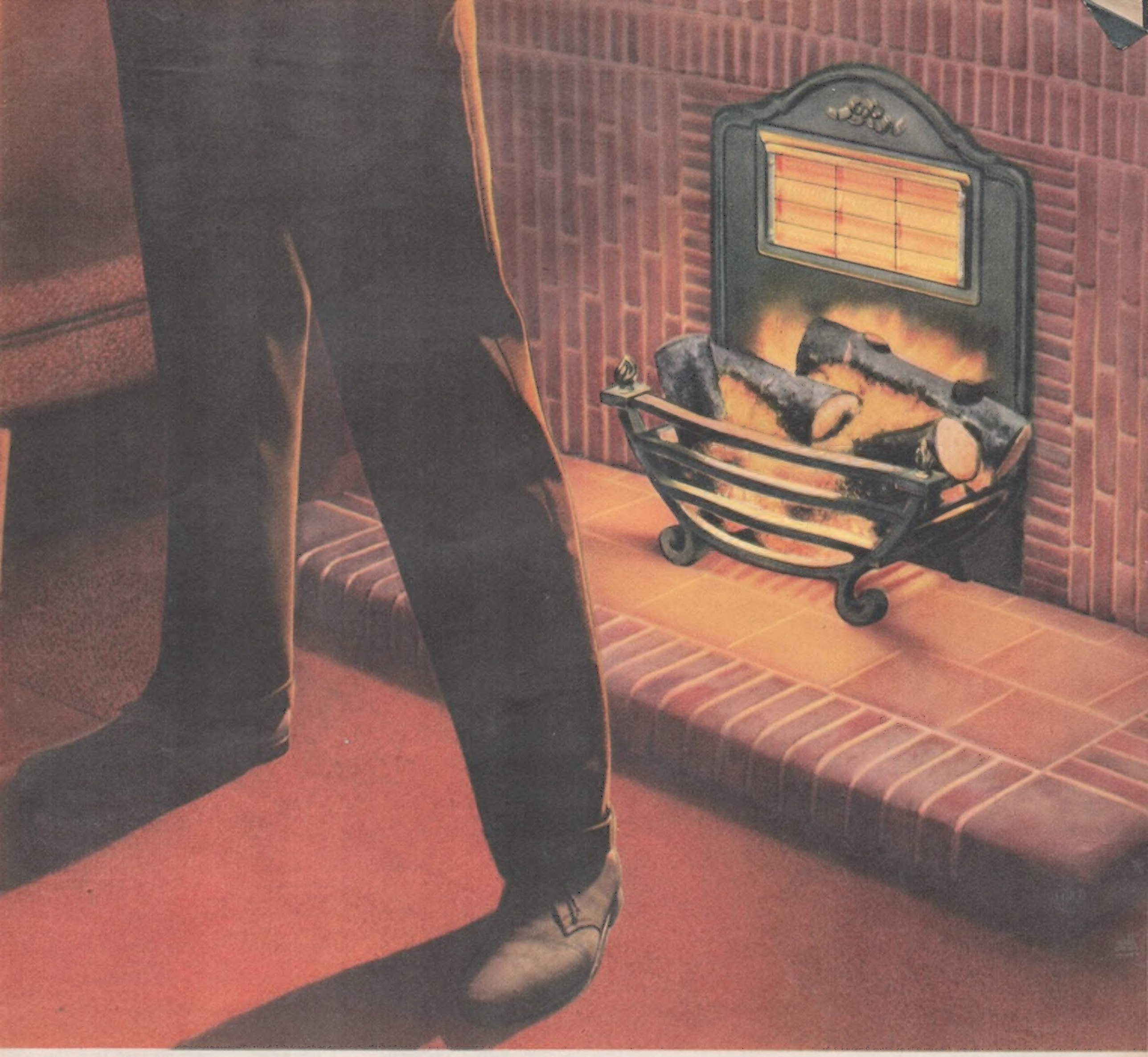
"As long as the seeds weren't sterilized they could withstand the cold all right. Tomatoes are not as fragile as many people think."

NEXT WEEK

How to DRINK and still DRIVE

Most motorists sometimes drive after a few drinks. If they do it unwisely the results may be tragic. This article tells you what to do if you must drink and drive

by KEITH ELLIS



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THE WITCH AND THE STORYTELLER

To save their sons, the village women were

by Brian Cleeve

I TOLD stories because I was a cripple. All day long I minded the pigs, sitting with my back against a beech tree, watching them root for mast, and truffles, and rotting nuts. And the stories whispered in my mind, the old stories of the valley.

What else could I do with a withered leg? I couldn't run, or climb. I could only tell stories; and sometimes, in the summer, when even our lake grew a little warm, swim. In those two things I could be free.

Sometimes I told stories to the grown-ups of the village, but the thing I liked best was to tell them to the children, in the wood. It was the wood where the witch woman Katerina and her witch daughter Vilja had their cottage.

We all feared the witch and her daughter. The children threw stones at them both whenever they caught them in the fields, and the women of the village tied red thread above their doors and their babies' cradles to guard them from the witches. But sometimes at night they would slip to Katerina's cottage beside the lake with a lump of fresh butter, or a jug of cream, to ask for the kind of services that witches can give—to find a lost gold coin; to have a barren cow in calf; to slip a noose of love round the heart of a man. And now and then a darker thing than that.

And that was how Katerina lived. And, as the village put it, Vilja had sucked the milk of witchcraft from her mother, from the time of her birth.

I knew Vilja well enough. I might have thrown stones at her myself if I had two sound legs to run with. Or maybe I felt a kind of kinship with her, both of us cut off from ordinary life.

AND then one day, thin and ragged and dirty, she came to me, as I sat with my back against my favourite tree. She was sixteen or seventeen years old, a little younger than I was. Her hair was in a dirty tangle, so dark red that it looked almost black. Her legs were bare and muddy to the knees.

She came very softly and slowly, watching me from behind one tree and then another. And I felt my heart hesitate with a small tremor of fear until I saw that she was alone, without her terrible mother. Even so, I spat over my thumb and put two hazel twigs crossways beside my good leg. Then I pretended not to see her, pulling out my knife and beginning to carve a stick. Steel is sovereign against witchcraft too.

"Jan," she whispered. "Jan Bor."

I felt the hairs on the nape of my neck shiver and grow cold, and kept my eyes on my stick. I would have run if I could. She came nearer, towards the edge of my patch of sun. It touched her hands on the trunk of a tree. I looked at her sideways, out of the corners of my eyes, and she smiled.

"What . . . what do you want of me?" I whispered.

"Tell me a story," she said. She breathed it softly.

"What story do you want to hear?" I said, flattered half-way out of my fear.

SHE came close, and kneeled down in front of me in the centre of the sunlight. "Tell me a story about a witch," she whispered, her mouth trembling with excitement, her eyes green flecked as the lake water in the summer. "About a witch who marries a king's son."

"There isn't such a story," I said.

"Then make one up," she whispered, trying to smile; trying to make it seem that she was only playing, that it didn't matter. But I could see that it did.

"Why?" I said.

She looked down at the dead leaves under her, hesitating. And then, very slowly, she said: "Because my mother says that, if a real storyteller tells a story, it becomes true."

"And then you would marry a king's son?" I said scornfully; because, if she was a witch, I was a storyteller, and she stood on my ground.

She looked at me, not smiling any longer. "No, not that. But always I could think that it could have happened. That it had once really happened."

She looked down, and dug with her fingers in the leaves. I bent my withered leg farther under me, hiding it, and knowing what she meant. I told myself stories sometimes about climbing and running, and doing great things. And because I had told them, in a way they were true.

Then, outside the wood, we heard children's voices calling, and she jumped up to run. I don't know why I didn't let her go. Her face, perhaps. The fear and the loneliness and the sadness in it, like shadows under the eyes.

"Stay with me," I said. "I will tell a story."

She kneeled down again, but still ready to run as the first of the children came into the small clearing. She was in a shadow, and they didn't see her at first, but flung themselves down in front of me. There were ten or twelve of them.

And then Vilja moved, and they saw her. If they had been standing up, they would have bent down for sticks and stones to throw at her. But they were already sitting and felt helpless and afraid of her, and for as long as I could hold a breath they stared at her and she stared at them.

The silence stretched until I broke it.

"Don't be afraid of her," I said. "She only wants to listen. If you drive her away I won't tell you any story at all. . . ."

They looked at me, round-eyed, not understanding. How could one make them understand? I didn't try. Only began my story. The story of the mountain queen, whose dress is like a flame of jewels and whose eyes burn with a cold fire. Her face is so beautiful that a man who sees it once is caught for ever, and wanders lost on the mountainside, seeking her, forgetting home and friends and kin until he dies. Miners in the depths of the mountains who see the flicker of her dress, the white gesture of her hand, follow her deeper and deeper until they reach the region of the mountain fires, beyond which lies her palace. And if they please her, she takes them for her servants, to mine jewels for her treasure.

BUT one day the son of the King of the Golden Land went into her mountain, seeking for the Firebird. . . .

I felt Vilja stir beside me, and from that moment, I don't know why, I was telling the story only for her. I forgot the small children in front of me. I looked up at the sky, at the white pyramid of the mountain peak that could just be seen against it, far, far away above the tops of the trees. And, when the story ended, I still sat looking at the mountain. I half heard the children stir and rustle among the leaves, whispering as they got to their feet and ran off.

When I looked round only Vilja was there.

"Thank you," she said. "You told the story I

It was already hot inside the burning cottage. By instinct we stood in the middle of the floor, paralysed by the hatred of the screaming women outside

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

burning the girl I loved.

And helping them was my mother...

The witch and the storyteller

continued from page 8

wanted after all. I didn't think you would when the others came."

"Don't be foolish," I said. "The Mountain Queen is not a witch. She's a queen."

"I know," said Vilja humbly. "But still it was the story I wanted to hear. And you told it beautifully."

"Come again," I said, a little loftily.

"Thank you," she said again, and vanished among the trees. And I sat for a long time thinking of her, until the sun went down.

When I got to our cottage, my father and brothers were already at the table, my mother serving them from the stove. The pigs went into the yard of their own accord, and I slipped into the room and to the table, trying not to be noticed. But my mother notices everything.

"You were talking with Katerina's girl today," she said, not looking at me, ladling out my soup from the great pot.

"A girl at last?" said my nearest brother, Ivar. "Jan is becoming a man." He slapped me on the back so that I choked over my piece of bread.

"It is not a joking matter," said my mother. "There is bad blood there. Wicked blood. And deep trouble for whoever mixes with it. Take my warning, Jan." She looked at me hard.

I said nothing. Only ate my bread and soup and cheese and thought of Vilja. It was very strange how I thought of her. I had hardly looked at her at all in the wood. What was there to look at? And yet, now, I could see her in the firelight of the stove.

NEXT day Vilja came to me in the woods again, and the day after, and the days after that. Until it was the natural thing for her to come, and even the smallest children hardly stared at her any more. And it was like that all the summer, until I couldn't remember a time when she didn't come. The wood was empty until she came, folding herself down beside me, a little away from me and behind my left shoulder. When I looked sideways I could see her feet.

Summer became autumn and autumn grew colder. One day, when the children had gone, I said to Vilja: "There are not many more days."

"There are not many more days," she echoed.

"What do you do in the winter?" I asked. Every late autumn Katerina and her daughter disappeared, to come back with the spring.

"We go down into the low valleys where it is warm. And sometimes to cities."

"I have never seen a city," I said, suddenly ashamed.

"Oh, one city is like another," she said. "We go to the cafés and my mother tells fortunes. And there is electric light, and it is warm inside the cafés and there is a smell of food and coffee. And sometimes men give me bread dipped in their wine if I will dance for them."

"Do you dance?" I said, my eyes wide. I felt my breath thick in my throat. "Dance for me," I whispered.

She looked at me queerly out of her green eyes. "If I dance for you, it may bring sorrow."

"Let it," I said, unbelieving. "Only dance for me."

She slid to her feet, her ragged brown dress the colour of the autumn leaves, with more leaves tangled in her dark hair, her thin childish arms bare to the shoulders.

She held her arms out straight, stretched wide on either side of her, head bent, looking down at her bare feet. Then she began to ripple like water caught by a catspaw of wind. First her finger tips, then her wrists; her arms and shoulders; moving so little that they seemed not to move at all, and yet on fire. Until all her body was a flame of movement. I watched with my mouth open and my breath stopped. I wanted to cross myself but I couldn't move. I couldn't speak.

She began to move her feet; softly, slowly, and yet like a bird. I wanted suddenly to jump up, to run, to dance with her, to fling myself high into the air, to fly. But I was chained to the ground by my withered leg, and I began to cry, as if I were a little boy; the way I used to when I first knew what it meant to be a cripple, before my brother Ivar taught me to swim, and set me a little free.

I SAT on the ground and wept, and still Vilja danced, until her arms folded like wings, and her feet grew still, and all her body. She came and kneeled down near to me, almost in front of me. "I told you it would bring sorrow," she said.

"You have no heart," I whispered.

She didn't answer, but rested her hands on my shoulders, put her head so close to mine that our foreheads touched. I lifted my face and she lifted hers, and our lips were together. . . . Was this kissing? Our breath warm and sweet together in our two mouths that touched each other, so lightly I could hardly feel that they were touching? Like a feather against my lips, and yet it burned.

"We go down to the valleys tomorrow," said Vilja, as if she had suddenly learned of it.

"And I won't see you until the spring?"

"Until the spring."

"You have no heart," I said again.

She did not answer. She stood up, and her feet rustled among the dead leaves, and she was gone.

WHAT a long winter that was! The lake froze early in November, and stayed frozen solid until April. In May the flowers came in pockets of green grass. And, as May turned into June, Vilja came back. Without her mother. I saw a thread of smoke rising from their cottage in the wood, and went to it, hurrying on my lame leg, leaving the pigs to mind themselves.

She met me in the doorway, as if she had heard my footsteps in the leaves, and as I saw her, framed by the darkness of the cottage, I caught my breath. It seemed to me, seeing her, that it was only yesterday we had kissed. And yet now she was a stranger.

Could I have sat beside this tall, strange woman, dreamed of her? I would never have dared. Her hair was brushed until it shone like new chestnuts. She wore a new dress the colour of her eyes, and her face was pale from the city and the winter.

Only her eyes remembered me. She waited for me to speak.

"You've come back?" I said stupidly, suddenly knowing that I was lame and dirty, and smelt of the pigs I minded. I twisted my hands together and wanted to go away.

"I've come back," she said. "And alone." I looked up at that. "My mother married a gipsy in the city, and has gone into the plains with him, to his camp. He bought me this dress for the wedding." She smoothed the clean, bright wool with her hands, moulding the curve of her hip. "I could have gone with them," she said.

"Why didn't you?" I said it almost angrily, as if she had betrayed me by becoming different, out of my reach. Better for her to have stayed away and left me my memory.

She said nothing, smiling at me as if she understood, and for a moment there were the same shadows in her face that I remembered. Sadness and loneliness. And fear also.

"Is that the best you can say to me?" she said.

I looked for an answer on the ground I stood on, but before I could find one I heard my name.

"Jan! Jan!" It was my brother Ivar, calling me.

I remembered the pigs, straying God knew where, and turned back towards them. But before I could move my brother was there.

He came into the small clearing before the cottage like the king's son in a story. His hair was dark, of course, instead of gold, but the sun on it made up for that. I saw Vilja stiffen, as she saw him, one hand lifting of its own accord to touch her hair. And my brother came forward with his whole face glowing in a great, spreading, growing smile.

I couldn't bear to watch any more. I turned away. "So you're the witch woman's daughter," I heard my brother saying. I began to limp and stumble faster.

"Jan," she called behind me. "Jan! Where are you going?"

But I couldn't answer, couldn't look round. I ran with my stumbling, shambling limp until the sweat poured from me, and blinded my eyes. I fell over something, and lay on the ground, the smell of the damp, dead, rotting leaves filling my nose and mouth. . . .

AND that night it was not me that my mother rebuked about seeing Vilja, but Ivar. She had long ago given up rebuking me, washing her hands of my damnation. But Ivar—the innermost darling of her heart!

Ivar sat under her words at the supper table without answering, but only smiling sideways at his three equal brothers or my father. Not at me. I could never be included in that kind of comradeship.

"There will be sorrow from it!" my mother said.

And, as the days went by, there were more sons than Ivar being rebuked by their mothers. It was like yeast stirring in a basin of dough, Vilja's returning to the valley. You couldn't lay your finger on it, and yet it was there, working in the dark. Boys who normally fell into bed and asleep the moment their supper was finished began to preen themselves, to walk out two and two together in the twilight, towards the woods. At first they did no more than laugh and whisper together on the outskirts, far away from Vilja's cottage. But the old witch mother with her dark power was there no longer, and they were more drawn than frightened by this new power that Vilja had. Yet still they went in twos together, never alone. Even my brother Ivar took some other boy with him after that first day.

Then, after a little while, they all grew bolder. They went into the woods. They went right up to the cottage, whistling softly and calling in the dark, tossing pebbles against the wooden shutters, now two of them, now another two. But Vilja never answered, never showed by more than the thread of smoke from her chimney that she was there. I know, because I would be watching from the shadows, my heart like a stone.

And, as nothing happened night after night, the boys grew bolder, and in a way angry, as if they had a right to be answered. While in the village their mothers and their sisters whispered and murmured, and the word "witchcraft" grew like a great toadstool in people's minds.

EACH day I drove the pigs to a new place in the woods, as if I were being hunted, afraid at each sound among the trees that she was coming, although the whole heart inside me cried out to see her. And I tried to tear my heart out. I went so far and deep into the woods that no one could hear me, and screamed aloud, "You are a cripple, cripple, cripple. You smell of the pigs." And the mocking, echoing birds would answer, "Cripple, cripple . . . pigs, pigs." Then I would run and hide in case she had heard me. But that same evening I would be watching by her cottage.

Until the night came when the mother of Peter Steen tapped on our door at

continued on page 41

THE STATION CAT

Sitting pretty on platforms, to say the least,
The station cat is a smug old beast,
Eyeing from distance the milling crush
Of the morning and evening business rush
With a lofty expression, a sort of smirk,
And a twitch of contempt for humans who work.
Porters and passengers tickle his ear,
The girls in the tea-room declare him a dear
And feed him a sandwich (only the middle).
It's a wonderful life, an absolute "fiddle."
When he fancies a change, or it turns a bit chilly,
He knows where to go (the old scrounger's not silly).
A door labelled "Staff" opens up to his mewing,
He's sure of a fire there and tea's always brewing.
When fed-up with asphalt and fussing and feet
He takes himself off to his rural retreat—
A siding no longer demanded for shunting,
Grass-grown and peaceful, with chance of good hunting—
The station cat is a smug old beast
And sitting pretty, to say the least.

M. EVANS

Nkrumah says hail and farewell to royalty

by IAN MACDONALD

Black Africa's hero jokes with Prince Philip at Balmoral. Nkrumah has one great personal ambition: to be liked by everyone

Nkrumah's Egyptian wife and their son. The match was unpopular—now she keeps out of the public eye

The flags are flying for Prince Philip in Ghana, where he is visiting black Africa's most powerful leader: a strong man fighting against corruption, ignorance and the past

DR. KWAME NKRUMAH, Ghana's Prime Minister, was working in his office on an urgent and complicated economic question, the Volta River Project, when a minister called to say that a dying whale had been washed ashore on Korle Gonno Beach, Accra.

A fetish priest of some influence in the poor quarters of the city was declaring this was a bad omen: it showed the ancestors were angry because Ghana was flouting tradition and adopting so many new ways.

Nkrumah, whose sense of political priorities is rarely wrong, dismissed his economic advisers and changed rapidly into a labourer's smock and set off with his cabinet colleagues for the beach.

A milling crowd of fishing folk was gathered around the now dead mammal, which the more traditional Ga people of Accra consider a sacred messenger from Nai the sea god. They had draped it in white calico.

The ministers, headed by Nkrumah in his rough, blue and white homespun smock, tramped across the sands, acknowledging cheers. When they reached the whale, Nkrumah clambered on to its back and made a short speech in the vernacular.

"This is great news," he said in substance. "This white strange fish is a messenger from Nai to say he is well pleased with Ghana, and that fishing will be good this season!"

As he finished, Accra's good-humoured, heavyweight market women —who are Nkrumah's most devoted supporters—fought their way forward to help him down and cheered him to his waiting Rolls-Royce.

This week all Africa will be watching Nkrumah when he acts as host to Prince Philip. For Nkrumah is not just another prime minister. He is the leader of the first African nation to win independence from white rule. Throughout Africa and Asia, he is regarded by peoples still under colonial rule as a symbol of their aspirations towards self-government.

Nkrumah is a man of many moods and many characters. In the course of a morning's receptions, he usually manages to look to all his callers—business men, civil servants, traditional chiefs, diplomats, foreign visitors—exactly what each would call "the sort of man I like."

Wherever he goes, this chameleon-like adaptability, plus his fifty-year-old good looks, soft deep voice and great personal charm always give a good impression.

Most people admire his versatile character, but to his political opponents it is proof of his falsity.

"He will smile at you to your face and abuse you behind your back," says Peggy Appiah, daughter of the late Sir Stafford Cripps and wife of the Opposition's shadow foreign minister, barrister Joe Appiah.

Nkrumah, like all practising politicians, is obliged to be false to some degree. But he genuinely possesses many characters. Like most people of exceptional ability, he could have followed many vocations with success. He could have been, and nearly was, a priest. Brought up as a Catholic, in the little swish-and-thatch hut village of Half Assini, within a mile or so of the French Ivory Coast, he was a serious and devout schoolboy.

On leaving school he turned to education as a career. He studied at Teachers' Training College, Achimota, and became an elementary master.

But when he left for the United States in 1934 it was to study divinity at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania.

Lincoln, originally founded for Negro Americans and Liberians, but today a fully integrated establishment, did two things to Nkrumah. It made him a Presbyterian and it made him colour-conscious. As a Negro—a word which few Africans know—he was submitted to humiliations undreamed of at home.

After he had taken his bachelor's degree in arts and sacred theology, his Presbyterianism carried him almost to the pastorate. He became an assistant pastor and might have gone farther.

Instead, he switched his studies to economics and sociology. Racial persecution, he had realized, was the only

continued on page 37

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY - 2

by

Gilbert Harding

AVARICE

The evil of this television age

In a money-mad world it clutches us all tight in its spell—and fools us with a myth of happiness

Not long ago, a man in his seventies died leaving more than £4,000. He had never earned more than £6 a week, and in order to scrape the money together he had lived like a pauper in a small bungalow with only a few sticks of furniture, no curtains at the windows, and not even linoleum on the floors.

He always walked rather than pay bus fares; he never took a holiday, never travelled by train, and had never once been to the cinema. He sometimes bought himself a drink, but had never been known to treat anyone else. He did possess a second-hand radio set, but rarely used it in case it wore out.

He never bought food for his bedridden mother or the sister who shared this "home" with him for more than twenty years. His sister had to go out charring to earn the money for their food. He left her not a penny in his will. When he became ill he hanged himself because he was afraid his illness might cost money.

What an empty, wasted life! There can be few better examples of the utter futility of a life devoted to avarice. "None is so miserable as the lover of money," goes an old Roman saying, and few classes of people have been more scorned by the rest of society.

Miser, niggard, skinflint, pinchfist—every language has a whole string of ugly, contemptuous words to describe those habitually guilty of the sin of avarice. We should hesitate before we pin one of these wretched labels on a man; it is a sin to which we all at some time and in some degree fall victim.

When my mother used to tell me not to be "dog in a manger" she was attempting to correct avarice in one of its earliest and most noticeable forms. It is the desire to have more of something than other people. The financier who feels that he must take over more and more businesses, not in the ordinary course of legitimate expansion, but simply because he wants to have his fingers in more pies, is only the adult edition of the greedy little boy or girl who does not want to share a toy.

Most of us know from our own experience that we never have enough money. The other day I put on a suit that I had not worn for some time, and I was delighted, as most of us would be, to find a forgotten ten shilling note in it.

I'm sure there is no avarice in the pleasure that such accidental acquisition of money affords us. It is the deliberate pursuit of money for its own sake, at the expense of your own and other people's happiness, which is surely the root of all evil. In small degree it takes the fun out of life; at worst it spoils careers, wrecks marriages and spreads misery.

Pity the winners

The lucky winner on the treble chance, or the lucky punter, is by no means to be condemned. Indeed, those who win large sums are often to be pitied.

They are swamped with begging letters and hard luck stories from people probably far more avaricious than themselves. The winners are in for a difficult time trying to decide which are genuine cases of hardship, which of them should be relieved by a share of their accidental riches. If they ignore them all they are guilty of avarice and indifference to the needs of others, one of the evils which is a natural consequence of this sin.

When I was in Canada I met a millionaire who was so mean that he took his main meal of the day late in the evening when the cafés were closing. He used to send out for a bottle of yesterday's milk and any unsold sandwiches he could buy at half-price.

You may think that this sort of behaviour is eccentric; perhaps it is. But fundamentally it is plain avarice which started in lesser ways and developed into a passion.

These are difficult times in which to resist avarice, or covetousness, which is a slightly different form of the same sin. So many people are "on the make" in one way or another; so much of what we read is deeply concerned about how we can make more money or acquire more possessions.

The hire purchase system, which should be a convenient method to a higher standard of living, can be so misused through sheer covetousness that a family's entire economy can be endangered. The huge prizes on the football pools, the daily dose of the give-away shows on television, all help to build up the money-is-all-important atmosphere. In the end we get complacent. Everybody else thinks that way, so it must be all right. But is it?

Let's take the familiar, and apparently harmless, quiz show on television. Thousands of people are prepared to travel for miles and submit themselves to all kinds of inconvenience just to be tested for the opportunity of taking part in games of varying degrees of fatuity. Some of them call for nothing more than remembering numbers on a board, or for being able to name a popular tune, but others demand public humiliation of the most degrading kind.

They call it fun

All this is done in the name of fun. If, for instance, you think it is fun to watch a man in the Queen's uniform grovelling about the floor blindfolded trying to push a balloon with his nose, to be dismissed a few moments later with a £5 note or some other gift, like a performing horse with a lump of sugar, I cannot share your opinion.

I have nothing against those people who really think it is fun to act the fool in front of millions, but I can find nothing to say in favour of those who don't care what they have to do as long as they get a nice fat prize.

As bad, if not worse than this sort of tomfoolery, is the public exposure of ignorance, which, so far from being considered shameful, is now all the vogue on the popular quiz shows.

Don't think I despise ignorance. A man may be ignorant through no fault of his own. What I can't stomach is the grinning pipsqueak who thinks his own ignorance is a joke, and is happy for other people to laugh at it, provided he gets a few pounds. I say that avarice, not fun, is the spur in many of these programmes.

And the terrible thing is that, unless you are some kind of super-being, you sit there in sizzling envy only wishing that you could pick up a roomful of furniture or a holiday in Spain with equal ease. I know I do.

The avaricious person often wants to keep his possessions to himself and prevent other people from enjoying them. A friend of mine gives lavish dinner parties, which must cost him £3 or £4 a head for his dozen or so guests.

He is fond of music and has a large collection of gramophone records. It is well known that he will not lend a record to anyone. The fact that any lost or damaged could be replaced with very little trouble or expense is beside the point. He is avaricious about them; he does not want to part with them. He cannot bear the thought of other people having his records, even briefly.

So there are many forms of avarice. The worst is the love of money for its own sake, not for what it can buy, just because it is money. This kind of avarice can become such an obsession that it destroys all pleasure. It is as easy for the poor man or the pensioner to fall victim to this form of avarice as for a captain of industry.

The cure or antidote for avarice is easy to write about but very difficult to practise—to regard all personal possessions as being no more than on loan, for our own use, perhaps, but also for the good of others.

The richest man I know, now full of years and benevolence, once told me that it was not until he gave away so much money that he actually found himself having to do without something that he was able to realize the pleasure of true generosity.

The man who makes a habit of setting a sprat to catch a mackerel may catch a lot of mackerel. But there will certainly come a time when he ends up with nothing on his hook but an old boot.

THE END

Meg barred the door, and her eyes were wild. "You're not to go in that boat again," she said. "Never, never, never"

A wife for our Huw

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

She had no idea it would be like this. No inkling of the fear that would be hers because she had married a man with a conscience

It must be very difficult for any woman to be wife to a man whose way of life is hard and dangerous; and especially so for a girl who has been used before marriage to a different, softer sort of world.

I am thinking, of course, of our Huw and his Megan; our boy a Pembroke coast fisherman, like the rest of us Paenpwl Prices for generations back; and the girl he married, who came from miles away from the sea.

Megan was born and brought up in Llangollen, which is about as far away from the sea as you can get in Wales. When she left school, she worked in a little draper's shop down by the bridge. She met Huw when she and the rest of her family came to Tenby for a holiday. They came over to Paenpwl on a coach trip, and the two of them met, and that was that, although the coach only stayed a few hours.

A lightning affair it was altogether, the two of them married in no time at all and living in the old home here with Gwyn and me, it all having happened too quick for them to get any place of their own.

Womanlike, Gwyn sighed a bit, losing her only child.

"Happened so sudden," she said. "Here with us one minute, gone the next."

"Well, he's not gone far," I said. "Only across the landing."

"As good as gone," Gwyn said. "You know what I mean." She sighed again. "As long as she makes him happy, Will."

"She'll do that all right, don't worry."

"Hope so. Pray for it every night, I do."

I said: "He should be as happy as a king, the time you spend down on your old knees in the cold."

I had my own doubts though; about how a girl from a draper's shop in the middle of Wales would turn out as a Paenpwl fisherman's wife.

As it happened, it wasn't Huw's being a fisherman that caused the trouble. Megan knew what he was before she married him, and was prepared to accept what it meant. She looked like managing very well, too. Oh, she was anxious enough whenever Huw was at sea and the weather was bad, but that was only natural. All the wives get anxious then; even my old Gwyn, who's had to put up with it for thirty years or more.

No. What upset the girl was Huw's being a member of the lifeboat's crew. Meg knew about that, too, before she married him; but she didn't know how hard a thing it would be for her to bear, in terms of waiting and worrying.

MEG soon found out. They hadn't been married more than a few weeks when the first storm of the winter came along. It was the first of the really big gales that sweep our coast for three or four months, from about November onwards, and it fetched the lifeboat out.

Built up all day, it did, until by midnight it was a shrieking fury. Huw and I were at home, because there was no fishing in that weather.

We were all in bed when the maroons went off. Three big bangs, high up in the torn, dark sky. They woke us all. And Huw was up and away almost as if he had been waiting for them.

Gwyn and I knew what they meant, of course, but it was all new to Megan. Gwyn went in to her

continued on page 44

THE LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT · 3

by J. Wentworth Day

Marina's saddest day

She waved him farewell — a farewell for ever. Then hours later the news came: the Duke's aircraft had crashed

THE second World War, which was to bring such tragedy to the Duchess of Kent, struck at the roots of her family life right from the beginning. One sister, Princess Elizabeth, married to Count Toerring, was in Germany. Her other sister, Princess Olga, was in Yugoslavia with the Regent, Prince Paul, her husband. And her mother, Princess Nicholas of Greece, was alone in her palace in Athens, still in mourning for the Duchess's father, Prince Nicholas. He had gone back when the Greek monarchy was restored and died there in 1938.

Thus, at a stroke, the Duchess was cut off from her two sisters—inseparables since their childhood—and her mother.

To make matters worse, her aunt, Princess Andrew, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh, was also in Greece, beset by troubles. Although her son, Philip, was in the British Navy, her three daughters were married to German officers.

The Duchess threw herself into war work. At the King's suggestion she became Commandant of the Wrens. The Princess Royal was Commandant of the A.T.S. and the Duchess of Gloucester Commandant of the Waaf.

The Duke of Kent had already given up the lease of their London home at 3 Belgrave Square as he had expected to take his family to Australia on his appointment as Governor-General. That appointment was postponed. Instead, he became a rear-admiral in the navy for a short time and was posted to the R.A.F., attached to the staff of Inspector-General.

The late Dame Vera Laughton Mathews then Director of the Wrens gave me first-hand impressions of the Duchess's service.

"I remember quite well when she paid her first visit to our headquarters in Charing Cross," Dame Vera said. "She turned up looking extremely smart in her new uniform. But her collar was too low and her gloves were white! After all, she had never spent much of her life in uniform before.

"She took one look at the officers who were waiting with me to receive her, glanced at her hands and said: 'Oh dear! My gloves are all wrong and my collar's awful!'

"She burst out laughing and we all joined in. That broke the ice. From then on she was a friend and an inspiration to us all."

Became a nurse

Apart from her official duties with the Wrens, the Duchess served as a hospital nurse. She began at the Cottage Hospital at Iver making swabs and bandages.

When she had mastered the elementary routine she "enlisted" as an auxiliary nurse under the name of Nurse Kay at University College Hospital in London. There she worked for weeks without anyone, other than the senior staff, being aware of her identity.

Miss J. M. Bond, formerly a sister at U.C.H. and now assistant matron at St. Pancras Hospital, has many memories of Nurse Kay. "She did all the ordinary jobs," she told me. "Mrs. Jackson, who was then the matron, sent for me one day and told me that the Duchess of Kent was to work on my ward—number sixteen—as an auxiliary. She was to be known as Nurse Kay and her identity was to be a close secret.

"The Duchess came and went much as she liked—or as official commitments would permit. She took part in all routine activities in the ward—surgical dressings, bedmaking, washing patients, doing hair, tidying lockers, plumping up pillows, feeding and handing round meals on trays. She assisted in the pre-operative preparation of patients who were due for the theatre, but I don't remember her attending an operation. She saw them on to the table, and the removal of tubes after the operation was also part of her job.

"She neither slept nor fed at the hospital. She was very friendly with the matron and used to have coffee with her before going up to the ward.

"The hospital was in a vulnerable position. It is built in the shape of a cross and each ward has the same construction. This is to give more light and space. Therefore there was an unusual amount of glass to cause accidents from blast.

"The Duchess never visited a shelter during her spell at U.C.H. Nobody bothered much about sheltering as we were all too busy. She nursed lots of bomb victims because most of the inmates of the ward were emergency cases.

"One day a registrar visited a patient in the ward. At lunch that day he remarked: 'One of the V.A.D.s in number sixteen looks the image of the Duchess of Kent.'

" 'How extraordinary,' remarked our senior registrar, who, of course, knew all about it. 'What a coincidence!'

"It was two weeks later before the other registrar realized that the V.A.D. was in fact the Duchess."

The late Mrs. Jackson once said that after a raid in which a servicemen's hostel received a direct hit, a large number of severely wounded Canadian and Australian troops were brought in. Most were badly burned and some had little time to live.

The Duchess was just about to go off duty when the casualties started to come in.

"I can't possibly leave now, Matron," she said, catching Mrs. Jackson by the arm. "Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm afraid there's not much we can do for many of them," the matron answered, "but, if you like, you can give them great pleasure. Most of them are overseas men, far from their own people. Why not take off your uniform, put on your outdoor clothes and go in and see them not as a nurse but as a member of the Royal Family. It'll do them a world of good. Tell them you came because you heard about them. It'll be perfectly true."

The Duchess changed out of uniform and went down to the casualty department, where she stayed for more than an hour talking with the wounded men and cheering them up.

The one slightly comic moment during those bleak days was when the Duke of Kent, as president of the hospital, made an official visit. The Duchess went to the sister of her ward one morning in dismay.

"I've just heard my husband is here," she said. "Don't you think I'd better slip out quickly? If the patients see us together I'm afraid they'll guess."

Secret discovered

"They'll guess it much more quickly if you rush away," the sister replied. "You'd better stay and bluff it out."

A few seconds later the Duke walked into the ward. Nurse Kay was presented with the rest of the nurses and gave him a most polished curtsy which he duly acknowledged. Then the matron and sister conducted the Duke round the ward with the Duchess

The Duke of Kent (left), a frequent visitor to bombed areas during the war, tours south-west London. The Duchess worked as a V.A.D. in hospitals and was made Commandant of the Wrens

Left: The Duchess of Kent and her family at Coppins in 1945. Right: Home after her recent Australian tour, Princess Alexandra is met by the Duchess at London Airport

following well in the rear as an obscure nurse.

The Duchess's secret was discovered in the end by a dressmaker's assistant. This girl, who read all the fashion papers, came into her ward as a patient.

"Nurse Kay" brought her dinner. The secret was out.

Apart from her hospital work and duties with the Wrens the Duchess visited numerous factories making anything from tanks to toothpaste; emergency hospitals; rest centres; bombed areas; fire stations and A.R.P. depots. Her working day often began at 7 a.m. and finished at midnight.

Toured in blitz

As for the Duke, he flew over 60,000 miles in twelve months to R.A.F. stations in Britain and overseas, in addition to visiting the President of Portugal and inspecting aircraft factories, shipyards and blitzed areas.

All this time the Duchess was in constant fear for her husband's safety. Many times he was in personal danger from bombs, machine-gun fire and shells. In July, 1940, when visiting an airbase, he stayed in a house on the perimeter. Four minutes after he left the house a bomb dropped within a few yards of it and wrecked the place.

He went to the East End dozens of times during raids, and was in one shelter holding seven thousand people while it shuddered to bomb blasts.

Once, a time bomb blew up with a terrific explosion within yards of his car. Bricks, broken glass and débris rained down. The Duke stopped and got out unperturbed, walked across to a group of people and said: "That was a near thing, wasn't it? I'm glad to see that none of you is hurt."

Mr. Emil Davies, chairman of the London County Council at the time, recalls that in 1941 the Duke drove him for four hours through the London docks under a constant rain of bombs, anti-aircraft shells and machine-gun bullets.

"However, as he appeared to be oblivious of it all I did my best to look equally indifferent," Mr. Davies remarked afterwards.

Another of his close friends said: "His main thought was always for others—particularly children. He had a very soft spot for them. Children in the bombed areas absolutely wrung his heart. You could see that in his face."

For the last few weeks of that fatal summer of 1942 the Duke and Duchess lived their life together. The baby, Michael, was born at Coppins on July 4.

"Dear Foxy," the Duchess's old nanny, came down from London especially for his birth. She was the last remaining link in Britain with the Duchess's own childhood.

Exactly three weeks after the baby's christening at Windsor Castle the Duke drove off from Coppins in his own car en route for Invergordon. There he was to start on a secret flight to Iceland—his last tour of inspection. There would have been no more.

The pilot and co-pilot were picked for the job. He wore the uniform of an air commodore, for he had relinquished his rank of air vice-marshal so that he would not be superior to more experienced officers with whom he had to work.

The Duchess waved as his car went down the drive and he turned for a last farewell look. That afternoon the great Sunderland flying-boat took off down the Cromarty Firth, climbed and turned north for Iceland.

David Morrison, an elderly Scottish crofter, and his son, Hugh, were plodding through knee-high heather on a

Batger's

ORIGINAL CHINESE FIGS

give just that exotic touch to Christmas
that everyone enjoys. They're different—
and delicious.

3/9d
A DRUM (1lb.)

. . . And you'll want these Batger's favourites, too

ORANGE & LEMON SLICES
FIESTA FRUITS
DESSERT FRUITS
PINEAPPLE CONFECTIONS
VALENCIA SUGAR ALMONDS
CHO FONG GINGER
TURKISH DELIGHT

* and don't forget the Harlequin Crackers!

G&G

Duchess of Kent

continued from previous page

lonely hillside, looking for stray sheep in the mist, when they heard the engines of a great aircraft roaring towards them. It passed low overhead. Then came a thunderous crash, a vivid orange sheet of flame through the grey dusk—and silence.

Young Hugh ran down the hillside to the rutted stony road. His motor-cycle was propped against a rock. He jumped on it and roared off through the mist to call neighbours from lonely cottages and the police from the village in the Straith.

They hunted the hills all that afternoon until night came, but found nothing.

They were out again at dawn, crofters, shepherds and police, with an old Highland doctor, seventy-one years of age, marching with them. Just after midday they saw blue smoke spiralling up from the mountainside. It rose from the buckled fuselage and shattered wings of a Sunderland.

In the heather, flung clear of the wreckage, were bodies. The doctor identified one of them by the wristlet on an arm.

It was the Duke of Kent.

A few hours later a flight sergeant, Andrew Jack, of Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, staggered to the door of a lonely cottage six miles from the wreckage. He was bare footed, without trousers, soaked to the skin and half dazed with exhaustion.

The flight sergeant had been thrown clear when the aircraft hit a rock on the mountainside, glanced off, turned over and crashed. Somehow he had managed to drag bodies clear of the wreckage.

The news was telephoned to Coppins that night. Miss Fox, who had lived through every crisis in the Duchess's life from her childhood upwards, and had been her comforter, answered the telephone. Stunned, she stumbled upstairs.

The Duchess was in bed. She heard the faltering footsteps, the old hands fumbling at her bedroom door. And she knew what had happened before a word was spoken.

It was the end of an idyll—the crushing tragedy in a young life already schooled too often in sadness.

In another room her seven-week-old baby slept peacefully. . . .

The funeral service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, was simple and unforgettable. A circlet of garden flowers and a naked sword, symbols of the Duke of Kent's humanity and chivalry, remain in the memories of all who were present.

Not forgotten

The Duchess had picked the flowers herself in a quiet corner of the garden at Coppins. They rested on the coffin beside the wreath from the King and Queen. The sword, stark against the chancel wall, was the conquering blade of Edward III. Hanging like a cross behind the altar it stood for the ideals of chivalry enshrined in the chapel's foundations, tragically fulfilled in the manner of the Duke's death.

Five monarchs were there—King George VI, King Haakon of Norway, King George II of the Hellenes, King Peter of Yugoslavia and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Near them stood the Duke's private chauffeur, Frederick Field, who had driven him nearly 400,000 miles in thirteen years, and Mrs. Bill, his old nanny. They were not forgotten in a ceremony so intimate that not one Cabinet Minister—not even Winston Churchill—was present.

The Duchess knelt in prayer as six n.c.o.s from R.A.F. fighter squadrons lowered the coffin on to the catafalque. At the close of the service she paused to look down on the Duke's gold-braided Royal Air Force cap which lay on the coffin beside two crimson carnations, his favourite buttonhole.

There is a tale—and I believe it to be true—that some months after Princess Marina's birth in Greece, a gipsy woman, old and wrinkled, came down from the olive groves on a mountainside that had seen the navies of Tyre and Sidon glide by centuries before.

The old woman, looking like a sybil from the mystic Grecian past, said: "She is a child of destiny, and there is both sunshine and shadow for her. She will be beautiful and make a great marriage with a king's son. Love will be her guiding star. It will bring her sorrow, for she will lose her husband while she is still young and at the height of her happiness. But she will find consolation in her children."

That prophecy was indeed fulfilled. . . .

Buried her sorrow

The Duke's death hit the Duchess a hammer blow of grief. "It changed her utterly almost overnight," I was told by a friend of the Duchess who was with her through that dreadful period. "The Duke was a strong, forceful character, very like his father, King George V, in some ways. After his death the Duchess altered tremendously. She had been quite content to be guided and ruled by him.

"When she lost him she could have retired into semi-private life. Instead she determined to give the rest of her days to her children and to the duties which had been nearest to the Duke's own heart. She buried her sorrow in hard work. She seemed almost to become a new woman of character overnight—far more forceful, resolute and decided.

"Marry again? Oh, no! I never thought she would want anyone to take the Duke's place. Her children, her friends, her memories, her work—that's her life.

"She is a tremendously warm, kind-hearted person with a catholic taste in people, but has few really close and intimate friends. She likes a diversity of talents—musicians, artists, writers, some actors, almost anyone who has ability and a real feeling for beauty and good taste.

"She is extremely observant of people's manners and very exacting with her own children. She sees that they wait on her guests and behave with the utmost good manners.

"She has a low, attractive voice with a very faintly foreign accent on a word here and there, such as 'really,' for example. But she thinks of herself—and is in all her ways and loyalties—as completely British. This is her country and no other.

"She is very fond of films and straight plays, but her sense of good taste is far too pronounced for her to tolerate trash or sordidness. She reads an enormous lot."

When the Duke died his Civil List income of £25,000 a year ceased. His widow received nothing from Parliament. She was left in financial circumstances vastly different from those of her married life. Coppins, which the Duke once described to a friend of mine as "no more than a big cottage," became the ultimate home. Finances would not run to anything more ambitious.

So the Duchess sent much of the superb furniture, silver, china and pictures, which the Duke had collected with such care and discrimination, to Christie's. It was a very good sale—high prices for vanished hopes.

Few people outside the Duchess's own friends know that she and the Duke even planned to sell Coppins; it was actually in the market for a short period.

Luckily, King George VI and Queen Mary came to the Duchess's financial rescue. Her income was assured. The sum was far from large, but just enough. The "big cottage" was run on something very like a shoestring. Domestic staff was cut to a minimum.

Her tremendous burden of public work meant spending a lot of time in London. The problem of accommodation was solved when the King gave her a grace-and-favour apartment of some

continued on page 38

A John Bull book extract complete in this issue—

Doctor's Diary

by HUBERT BAGSTER

At half past seven on Saturday morning my bedside telephone rang. It was my partner. He wanted to leave immediately for London, and would I swap this weekend for next?

Apart from an engagement to wait for duck on the evening flight I was not otherwise committed and said so. He then transferred the list of patients on the phone—happily a private line.

"There's a new call," he said, "to Miss Warble at The Mount—she sounds a bit nuts to me—and one to Willowdene; I think it's the old man. Mrs. Armley, that old girl with the bad heart, has been vomiting and will want seeing. You know all about the rest, and will you shut the greenhouse last thing tonight?"

I had my breakfast and set off for the surgery. Sallow—let us call it that—is a country town of less than fifteen hundred souls. It lies on the rugged border of Wales where river, roads and farms cannot have altered much over the past thousand years.

Exciting blades

And the folk? My grandfather used to let me clean his instruments. They were bone-handled and crude, but there was an exciting, glittering potential in the shining blades. As I washed and polished and oiled, he would talk about his patients. Some died who could now have been saved; some lived who now would gladly die, but I see no change in human reactions to the crises of country life, where every man and woman from the cradle up is familiar with life and death, conception and birth.

My unexpected weekend's duty was in October. All the bird-world seems to be moving with restless migrants. Jays shrieked like crones, and the rooks were blown about the sky as they broke their normal cry into strange, staccato oaths.

When I coasted down the hill to the surgery I saw the long, melancholy figure of Mr. Hawley leaning against the door. I felt rising within me, anger, frustration and other subsidiary emotions which must have stirred the bosoms of doctors since the dawn of medicine. I knew what he wanted and knew that I could not supply it. Furthermore, I knew he thought I was at fault.

No doctor should display exasperation in front of a patient or a patient's relatives. I put my latchkey into the lock and said: "What is it now?"

"Those tablets you gave Mrs. Hawley haven't done her any good," he said. "They've made her worse."

"Your wife is a grown woman," I replied, "and I've repeatedly advised her and you that treatment at a nerve hospital is the only cure."

He said: "My father died in the asylum

On my country rounds I see life, death and laughter . . . gipsy and farmer, crook, crank and saint

LIME JUICE

You need Lime Juice in the home this Christmas

Best drink in the world for your complexion as well as your thirst

✳ AND TO MIX WITH THE OTHER DRINKS . . .

Doctor's diary

continued from page 17

and when they came to cut him up at the end it was only T.B."

"That's nothing to do with it," I told him. "Your wife needs skilled nursing and treatment in hospital."

"What she wants is a good nerve tonic—not being locked up in a padded cell," he said.

"It's come to this: either you follow my advice or you go to someone else," I told him. "I'm fed up with it." I realized that I was treading the easy path to bad medicine.

"Since she had those tablets it's not like an ordinary turn, she tears all her clothes off. The vicar has called twice."

"All right," I said. "I'll call in the next few days." He must have detected a gleam in my eye as he left at once.

A general practitioner, particularly in the country, has one peculiar advantage over his specialist colleagues—variety. The ring of the surgery bell or the tap on the consulting room door may signal the introduction of any sort of patient with any form of disease or injury.

Big Harry was the first patient. He was fairly recently shaved, wore a collar and tie and looked almost normal in a dark grey suit.

"You look very smart," I said.

He said: "Mr. Babbington's given us a cottage and I'm ghillieing for him next season. Now I do the garden and work in the house. I've scrat me arm on a bit of barbed wire."

A spot of poaching

He took off his coat and I began to dress the wound.

Big Harry lowered his voice and said confidentially: "There's a few birds this side Mr. Babbington's place on the Willerton pitch. If there was a good gun on the road, like yourself, I could put one or two right over you."

I said sternly: "I wouldn't dream of poaching Mr. Babbington's birds."

He said: "They're not on our land; they're round a bit of stubble on the Pennyfield estate. The agent's away."

"No, I really can't," I said. "I'm on duty this weekend. Whereabouts do they come over?"

"Now, sir, a couple of miles up the Willerton road there's two 'olly bushes in the hedge on the left, okay? Well, one ain't got no berries. If you was there with your gun at sharp five tonight you might have a nice brace."

I said weakly: "All right. I'll see."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Tanner, of the Quarry house, two miles away over the river. She spoke in loud tones as though she were shouting against a high wind: "Grandpa passed away in the night."

I said: "Old Bertie Tanner? I'm very sorry to hear it. What was his full name and age?"

"Just Albert Tanner. And if he'd lived to three weeks next Tuesday he'd have been ninety."

"I'll write out the certificate and you can call for it any time today," I said.

"Oh," she went on, "and he wants to be cremated."

Four guinea fee

I told her: "I'll come along sometime this afternoon with another doctor. Who is the undertaker?"

"Wilf."

Mr. Wilfred Bellingham was also our local ironmonger, car proprietor and general smith. I said: "Tell Wilf, and ask him to have the forms ready. It will cost four guineas—two for the doctor I bring and two for my fee."

I rang my colleague, Laverton, at the nearby town of Morning and made an appointment for 2 p.m.

I was putting the card back in the cabinet and did not see Mr. and Mrs. Tully enter; when I turned round they were sitting quietly opposite the desk.

The best description of Sam Tully would be general labourer.

He would work long hours and earn good money for several weeks; then suddenly would come some climax in his blood chemistry, some overwhelming urge to blot out his anxieties and sublimate his desires, and off he would go to the nearest pub and drink and drink until his senses left him and he was led home mauled and bleeding from the brawl that inevitably followed.

I regret to say that, in common with most of the district, I was very fond of Sam Tully. His face was blotched and bloated. There was a triangular gash from lip to nose which only a direct blow on the mouth can give.

Mrs. Tully, a dark woman about half her husband's size, sat bolt upright. "I'm ashamed to bring Tully to you like this, Doctor, but I must say it wasn't his fault. He was up after working hours at Pen Bach mending a floor and the stooping gave him a headache so he went into the Red Dragon for half a glass of sweet cider. As he was saying good night somebody kicked him."

She paused and I looked at Sam. He closed and opened his remaining eye. It is difficult to wink with one eye out of use, but I felt that an attempt had been made.

I turned again to Mrs. Tully. She continued: "He tried to defend himself and then he was all knocked about."

A new patient?

I said: "I have no time to spend over people who go fighting in pubs. Keep him quiet for a couple of days on soft drinks and he will be all right."

Mrs. Tully's voice dropped and became confidential. "Tully has a very good job working for Miss Warble and has spoken to her very highly of you, Doctor, very highly indeed, thinking it might put you in the way of a nice bit of business."

Sam said hoarsely: "That's right. She's going to call you in."

Mrs. Tully led quickly on to the main object of the consultation. "I had to send up to say Tully was bad owing to a giddy turn, and now she wants to send us for a holiday to Torquay or some such, and really it's too much to try at our age and me even sick on the market bus, let alone the old sow farrowing next week."

Sam said: "She'd never stand the journey."

"I'm going to see Miss Warble today," I replied, "and the best thing I can tell her is to get someone who won't let her down by getting drunk and brawling in pubs. I'm disgusted with you."

Mrs. Tully rose, nudged Sam and they both walked to the door.

I said: "Sam, you know those Laxton black-currants of mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want them moved across to the bit of ground behind the bee-hive under the pear tree. When is the best time?"

Sam, an expert gardener, scratched

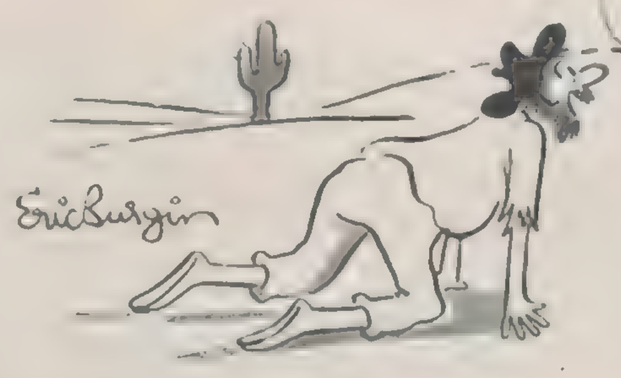
continued on page 30

IN SHORT

Tough—That's Me!

When things go wrong, do what I can,
And all seems black in life,
I face misfortune like a man . . .
I blame it on my wife.

NOEL SCOTT



English At Oh! Level

Horoscope....*Latitude given to X films.*
Lobster....*Tennis player specializing in high returns.*
Succession....*Baby's feeding time.*
Abominable....*Unique case for a vet.*
Barbarism....*Tendency to split hairs.*
Cabinet....*Noose for trapping elusive taxi drivers.*
Impinge....*Pixie's knee or elbow.*
Deft....*Deaf and daft*
Bacchanalian....*Red hot tip for a horse from abroad.*
Concourse....*Trickster's pitch.*
Canonize....*Bored look engendered by peering down gun barrels.*
Friary....*Fish and chip shop.*

RONALD A. SLINN

Note From The Head

It was very kind of you to give Norman a treat by taking him to have his bumps read; but I am afraid we have found the effect on him rather worrying.

It seems he was told that he has a bent for mathematics; but he does not understand that this will not save him from having to learn the subject. Miss Gray, who takes him for arithmetic, is worried, because if his answer to a sum differs from hers he just says that the phrenologist said he was good at maths so *he* must be right.

Next he was told that he had considerable executive ability, without, apparently, the term being explained to him. He has somehow got the idea that it is connected with executions and, though he does not go so far as practising on our pupils, his conversation is alarmingly gruesome.

Finally he learned that he had a great sense of humour. His constant laughter at his own jokes is wearing his class down. He gets annoyed when they do not laugh, too, and insists on showing his phrenological chart instead of improving his jokes.

Could you, perhaps, seek another phrenologist who might find more co-operative bumps?

R. G. G. PRICE

In Reply To Your Advertisement

Dear Ex-Service Supply Company,

I have been a regular customer of yours ever since my wife and I first set up house with genuine ex-army officers' camp beds, folding tables and canvas chairs My wife finds top-quality ex-R.A.F. parachute silk makes excellent material for dresses to wear over her snug, guaranteed all-wool ex-Wrens underwear. I, of course, wear your superfine poplin ex-R.A.F. senior officers' shirts with my dyed army-surplus battledress, ex-commando beret and ammunition boots.

Our hobby is bird-watching and we have spent many happy hours paddling our ex-paratroopers' inflatable rubber dinghy in estuary waters, spotting rare waterfowl with our ex-army senior staff officers' prismatic binoculars. Now, however, although we have our ex-air force pilots' sheepskin jackets and flying boots, the early mornings are turning more chilly and I feel the cold more than I used to. I write, therefore, to order three sets of ex-navy, super-quality admirals' long woollen combinations, as illustrated in your bargain offer this week, and to inquire whether by any chance you have available supplies of ex-Medical Corps rheumatism lotion—the field officers' quality for preference.

PATRICK GOLDRING

Winter Superlatives

Winter's when trees are the deadest,
When noses and ears are the reddest,
When walks are most slippery,
Clothes are most zippery,
And eyelids, at seven, are leadest.

Winter's when streets are the slickest,
And blankets are piled on the thickest.
It is, of the seasons,
The one, with good reasons,
I always get tired of the quickest.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Enjoy your Week-end every day!

All the things you love . . . all in one box . . . all in Mackintosh's delicious Week-End Assortment. A really *assorted* assortment with juicy fruits, crunchy nuts, marzipans, fudges and superfine chocolate. Each flavour a special delight. Each sweet the best until you taste the rest!

2/9 A HALF POUND BOX

Each sweet deliciously different !

ORANGE FRUIT JELLY
True-to-the-fruit orange flavour in a firm clear jelly.

CHOCOLATE CHERRY CUP
A cherry-and-cream centre in bitter-sweet chocolate.

MARZIPAN AND ALMOND FOUREE Rich smooth marzipan topped with a crisp frosted almond.

NOUGAT FUDGE SANDWICH
Nougat, nuts and cherries between layers of creamy fudge.

MADE BY Mackintosh's

A place for everything

Small-space living makes storage problems. If you have no room to spare, here's how to make the space you have go farther

These storage units are sold as component parts which you assemble as you need them. The ladder brackets are made for floor or wall mounting, in several sizes. In the picture: floor-mounted ladders, 68 in. by 12 in., two 12 in. shelves, one 8 in. shelf, cabinet and bureau. Total cost, £27 13s. 6d. Manufactured by Bricano (London) Ltd., 24 Vestry Rd., London, N.1

I AM much in favour of the old-maidish maxim about a place for everything and everything in its place. The great difficulty about this nowadays is to find the place. Homes get steadily smaller. Old houses are split up into tiny flats. New houses are too small to swing a cat or even to stow away a couple of suitcases.

The smaller your living space the more necessary it is to keep it in some kind of order. And the more untidy you are the more storage space you need in which to stow away your precious tangle of possessions. In flats, where there are seldom enough cupboards and no useful attics or cellars, the storage problem can be acute. Few of us can arrange to have huge fitted cupboards in every room. We must make do instead with ingenious makeshifts.

The first step is to divide your possessions into two categories: those you want often, and those you rarely need. The former must be handy, the others can be secreted in hidey-holes, which rarely need to be visited.

Next, review the space you have at your disposal. For sensible arrangement of storage space, two principles hold good, though they sound contradictory. First, try to concentrate your storage area as much as possible. Second, utilise every available nook and cranny throughout the whole house.

One big, built-in fitment will hold more and look neater than a row of assorted wardrobes, shoe cupboards and chests of drawers. But if circumstances force you to keep the motley assortment, you can streamline them by ranging them side by side against the same wall, and hiding the lot with a curtain, hung from the ceiling. This arrangement gives you the added use of odd spaces between, above and below the furniture, which you can use for stacking away unwanted boxes.

Cupboards in crannies

If your flat is in an attic you may be able to build false walls under the sloping ceiling and use the space behind for storage cupboards. You would be surprised how much they hold. I have one such cupboard under the attic stairs in my house, with a door about 2 ft. high and 9 in. wide, into which I can put two large suitcases, and countless brown-paper parcels. If you already have some built-in cupboards which do not run to the full height of the room but leave a useless, dust-catching space above, between the top of the cupboard and the ceiling, box in this top section, and give it a door.

Bay windows can also provide good storage space if you build box seats under the window with hinged lids.

The Rest Assured Holdalot ottoman. The 3 ft. size has a capacity of 9·76 cubic feet. The mattress is held by two straps when the ottoman is open. Prices from £26 16s. to £45 5s. according to the variety of wood and mattress covering which you choose

The Bexhill divan, made by Sleepeezee, has two drawers built into the base in the smaller sizes, and four in the larger. Prices with mattress, 3 ft. size, £25 15s. to £27 10s. The 4 ft. 6 in. size from £42 19s. 6d. to £45 10s.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

Pop it in a rack

WHAT happens to your copy of JOHN BULL? And to your daily paper and the rest of the family magazines? In my home they used to settle like autumn leaves on floors and furniture until I made a supply of the little racks you see here. Scattered around the house, or among the Sunday afternoon chairs in the garden, they now provide a handy storage place for current reading. They look pretty, too, with bars painted in contrasting colours. As a handyman job they are easy enough for the beginners' class. Here's how to make them.

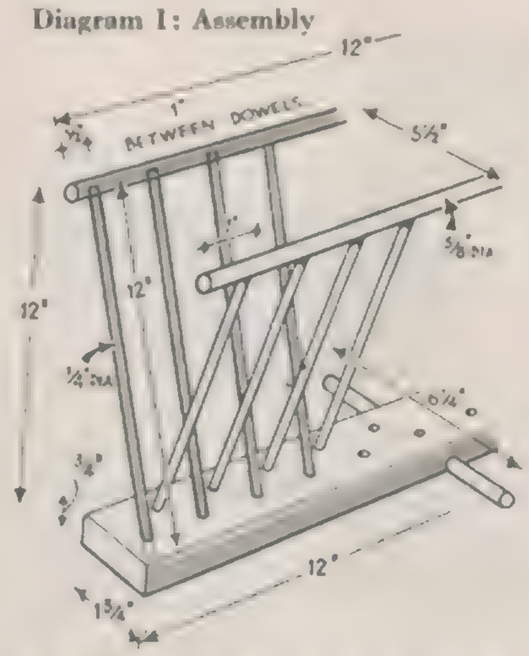
Materials you will need are: for the base, one piece of wood 12 in. by 1¾ in. by ¾ in. For the top rails two 12-in. lengths of ¾-in. dowel rod. For the base crossbar one 6¾-in. length of ¾-in. dowel rod. For the upright bars, twenty-three 12-in. lengths of ¼-in. dowel rod. Liquid glue. Sandpaper.

Cut base piece to the dimensions given. Round off the top corners with sandpaper. On top of the base piece mark out positions for drill-holes. You will find the necessary details in Diagrams 1 and 2. Drill ¾-in. hole across the middle of the base to take the stabilizing crossbar. The bottom of the hole should be flush with the bottom of the base. To ensure this clamp a spare piece of wood against the bottom of the base when drilling the hole. Drill ¼-in. holes half-way through the two top rails in the positions indicated in Diagram 1.

Now assemble the pieces, gluing the dowels into their holes. First fix the stabilizing crossbar into the base; then insert the uprights into the base holes and, finally, into the top rails.

When the glue is dry paint or stain and polish the rack. The rack in my picture has a white base and top rails, and the uprights are painted alternately white and red.

Diagram 1: Assembly



How to drill the holes: Cut a wedge-shaped strip of wood 1¾ in. wide, tapering from ¾ in. thick to nothing. Place the base on this strip and clamp both to the bench. Hold the drill upright and the dowel holes will be at the correct angle

Diagram 2: Angle of dowel holes

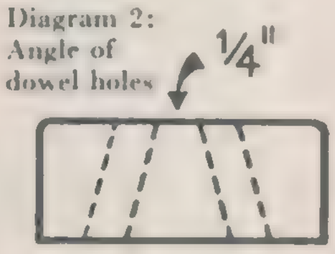
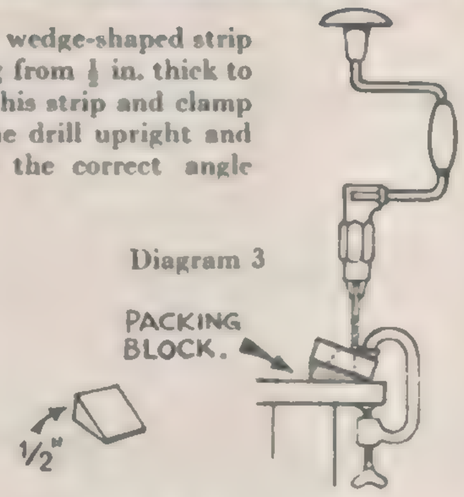


Diagram 3



continued from previous page

The box seats can have covers to match the curtains, and a flat cushion on top.

Very few wardrobes have enough accommodation, but you can almost double their capacity with a little ingenuity. Add a second hanging rail, half-way between the existing rail and the floor of the wardrobe, running across a quarter to half the width. You can suspend this on an extra long bracket, from the top of the wardrobe. This gives you two half-height rails to take suits, jackets, skirts and blouses, and one full-length rail for coats, trousers and dresses. A row of hooks at the back of the wardrobe is also useful for hanging odd items like shopping bags. Narrow shelves with retaining bars, *inside* wardrobe doors, will hold small things like gloves and stockings.

Storing shoes is often a problem, as there is seldom enough room for them on the floor of a wardrobe, and a separate shoe cupboard is an awkward piece of furniture. One solution is to convert a disused fireplace into a shoe cupboard. A coal fireplace is seldom needed in a modern bedroom. With the old grate taken out, its capacity is considerable, and a curtain hung in front to match the window curtains will make it an attractive feature in the room.

The cupboard under the stairs, if you have one, makes an ideal storage place for all your household cleaning equipment. With new hooks and shelves you can make space for all your brushes and pans, and leave enough room to keep heavy overcoats and boots and shoes in the highest part near the door.

Books and papers

Books, papers and magazines usually give you a special headache by outgrowing any accommodation you provide for them. They are best coped with by the modern unit system of bookshelves, which starts with one or two shelves and can be expanded indefinitely as your collection grows. There are many varieties of flexible storage systems. Some are mounted on wall-brackets like ratchets, which are embedded permanently in the wall. Others depend for support on free-standing ladder units, like the Brianco fitment in the big picture. Others again are fixed semi-permanently together with rods. Most systems include among the units cupboards with wooden or glass doors, drawers, single or in groups, and sometimes folding tables and writing cabinets, all of which make them most adaptable furniture for any kind of living-room. Some of the sturdier free-standing units can be turned round and used as room dividers. If you like to rearrange your rooms every few months, you have scope for endless permutations with this kind of furniture.

Linen

If you have no aired linen cupboard, and no other cupboard large enough to take it all, household linen is one thing which can be divided up most successfully, so that each kind of linen is in the room where it will be used.

Under bed storage

This arrangement may possibly be a bit of a nuisance on the day the laundry comes back, but is much more convenient when you want clean sheets or towels. For bed-linen there are several beds available, like the two shown on page 21, which have space underneath either in the form of a roomy ottoman or several large drawers where you can store blankets, sheets and pillowcases. Table-linen is usually quite flat when folded up, and takes up very little room. A dining-table or sideboard with a roomy drawer will probably hold all you require. If you have no room to spare in your bathroom, you could keep towels with the sheets. But if you have a few extra inches, either at the end or beside the bath, you could make yourself a simple chest for towels and bath-mats, either incorporated in the box round the bath or separate from it. Either way, if you make it the same height as the bath and give it a cork top, it will make a useful shelf to stand your soap or bath-salts on. You can also use it as a seat, when you bath the children or wash your feet.

Storing luggage is a big problem. Large trunks and suitcases take up a lot of space when they are out of use, and unless you have an attic or cellar to put them in they can be in the way.

Disappearing luggage

If you are just getting married and buying a lot of new luggage and you know that you are going to be short of space in your new home, it is worth while doing a little planning beforehand and choosing cases and trunks which will fit inside one another like a set of Japanese dolls. You then only have to find space for one piece instead of several. If you have the opportunity to build yourself a new fitted cupboard, take it right up to the ceiling and use the top less accessible part for suitcases. Another good place, which is more or less useless for anything else, is the space above or below a boxed-in water tank.

A big trunk can be very useful on its own as storage space for many of the unwanted items like winter clothes in the summer, toys or fishing tackle.

Less space, but more storage

Use up awkward corners which are often left empty as built-in cupboards and chests for storage

Box in the wash-basin and use it as a cupboard for bottles and soap; Make a wide ottoman in a bay window, and top it with a window seat; Convert the highest end of your under-stairs cupboard into a miniature cloakroom, with coat-hangers and racks for shoes; Fill a disused fireplace recess with bookshelves or a shoe-cupboard; Put up shelves in the opening of an unused door; Extend cupboards to the ceiling—use the top storey for linen or boxes.

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with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

As most of Britain prospers, hundreds of forgotten families are being left behind. Now, after a year's intensive study, a sociologist reports on

THE ODD BOYS OUT

by Dr. Terence Morris

DICK is a juvenile delinquent. When I first came across him he was in trouble with the police, but that was nothing new. He had had his first brush with them six years previously, when he was only ten. He told me how it started.

"I was out with my chums when we spotted a man unloading bottles of lemonade from a lorry. So we took one and drank it. Then we saw a man pumping up the tyre of his car, so we helped him and he gave us sixpence. We went on to a factory and searched the cloakroom. We took matches, chocolate, cigarettes and fourpence.

"We wanted to get some money for the pictures so we knocked at the doors of half a dozen houses and if somebody answered we asked for a drink.

"At the last one nobody was home, so we went round the back and got in. My chum took money from a box on the sideboard. He gave me a quid and kept the rest."

I met Dick while investigating the background to crime and delinquency in a large borough on the outskirts of London. He was one of the 184 boys and seventeen girls who come before the juvenile court there in one year. I spent a further year collecting information about them all—their family backgrounds, their environments and the reasons they gave for their behaviour.

Some of the facts which emerged gave me a new slant on the causes of delinquency among the young.

Dick's parents had been rehoused from an old slum to a new council estate. His father, a machine minder, did not earn much, so his mother went out to work as a laundry hand. Neither took much notice of their children.

Locked out all day

Dick knew that his home was locked from 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., and he spent his time with pals whose backgrounds were similar to his own, roaming in gangs where delinquency was rife.

He was not cruelly treated, but he was neglected. He was expected to fend for himself, for his parents had grown up under similar conditions and accepted this as the natural order of things. It did not even occur to them that family life might be different.

I realized then that I had made my first useful discovery. The way to help boys like Dick is to break the vicious circle whereby these low standards are handed on. A way has to be found to educate the new generation for responsible parenthood.

On these fairly new housing estates it was not difficult to recognize the few streets which produced most of the delinquents. The signs shouted their sordid story: overgrown privet hedges, unkempt gardens, gates with the paint worn off.

A man noticed my expression.

"Oil and water don't mix, mate," he said. He meant that people who allowed their gardens to go to seed and their children to sit out on the kerb until ten or eleven o'clock on summer evenings never got on well with those who clipped their hedges neatly and put their children to bed at a reasonable hour. They called him "toffee-nosed." He called them "common."

Phone wires cut

On this estate it was not unusual to find telephone boxes with wires cut, and rare to find one with the glass intact. The local church protected its windows with wire mesh and kept intruders out with a Harwell-like fence.

One night I asked a group of adolescents how this wire came to be there. "Well," said one boy, balancing on his racing bicycle, "we always used to chuck something every time we went by. We used to try to start at the top and work down, one stone every time we came past. Sometimes you could bust two or three squares at once. . . ."

This destructive activity had been a kind of game. "What would you do if someone put a brick through your window at home?" I asked.

"Chuck one through his."

"But what about the people at the church? Isn't it a bit tough on them?"

"Well," he said, "the parson up here is all right. He's a good bloke, and he's all right with kids. My little sister goes to the Sunday school. But *he* doesn't have to pay. It's them toffs down at the big church that pay. They can afford it, too. You should see their cars."

This was the second thing that I learned. People like the hard-working curate whom these adolescent boys knew well and could trust were not the target of their depredations. It was "the others," the rich "bosses" and above all the impersonal "they"—the local council, Woolworth's or British Railways—who were fair game.

During the following months I began

continued on page 43

Left to roam in gangs, locked out of home all day, youths turn to crime. Now comes a new reason: they feel left out of Britain's boom

THE GOLDEN DEED

by ANDREW GARVE

Roscoe was dead but the horror wasn't over. He could still menace the Mellanbys—from the grave

THAT evening Sally Mellanby and her husband, John, were drinking coffee after dinner, reading the papers, chatting about the news. Then a paragraph in the local paper caught Mellanby's eye. He gave a gasp of horror. . . .

Mellanby was an archaeologist, a rich, sensitive man living in a lovely house near Bath. When a man named Keith Roscoe saved Sally and their boy from drowning he was overwhelmed with gratitude. He tried to help Roscoe—who was passing himself off as a bowler-hatted army major—and invited him to stay.

But Roscoe was a criminal and dangerously violent. He demanded money from Mellanby and threatened the children. It was then that George Sherston burst into the house, furiously denouncing Roscoe for molesting his wife. And in the fight that followed Mellanby felled Roscoe with a chair.

In the middle of the night the Mellanbys' telephone rang. It was Sherston, who had taken Roscoe away to recover at his caravan in a quarry in nearby Blackett's Lane. Sherston had terrible news: Roscoe was dead. . . . When Mellanby reached the quarry he found Sherston burying him in a hastily-dug grave.

Burying Roscoe was the only way to keep out of prison, Sherston said. Sick at heart, Mellanby fell in with his plan. Next day he took Roscoe's things to Sherston in a case—now they, too, were under the earth. Shortly afterwards the Sherstons left the district. . . .

But now it seemed that everything had been in vain. The news paragraph was headed: "Blackett's Lane By-pass—Ready by Easter." The whole area where Roscoe was buried would be dug over.

"They'll find him, of course," Mellanby said.

PART FOUR

SALLY finished reading the news item and slowly put the paper down. Her face was ashen. "They might not, John. How deep do they dig when they make a road?"

Mellanby shrugged. "I don't know—I expect it varies. But deep enough!"

"More than four feet?"

"At least five or six, I should think, in a case like this—perhaps more. A main road to take heavy traffic would have to have tremendous foundations."

"Perhaps they'll add all the width on the other side—away from the quarry."

Mellanby shook his head. "For a thirty-foot road and two paths they'll tear the whole place up. They're *bound* to find him. The body's so close to the verge, there isn't a chance." He gazed fixedly at her. "Sally . . . we're in a frightful mess."

There was a short, desperate silence. Then Sally said: "John—I know it's horrible—but do you think they'll still be able to identify him?"

"I expect they will—they have all sorts of ways. And they'll find the suitcase, with all his things in it. They'll check up on the laundry marks."

"Some of them are *our* laundry marks," Sally said.

"Yes. They'll have no difficulty at all. They'll find out who he was, and they'll come straight to us. They'll learn about the caravan being in the quarry and about our association with the Sherstons. The medical report will probably say that Roscoe died about that time, so they'll be more than suspicious. They'll ask all those questions we decided we couldn't answer—and a lot more besides. They'll discover everything. It'll be the end of us." Mellanby got up and began to pace about the room. Slowly his expression hardened. "*If* they find the body."

Sally stared at him. "But I thought you said. . . ."

"Sally, I'm in this thing up to my neck. The situation can't get any worse. We were probably wrong to try and hush things up, but we made the decision and now we've got to go through with it. There's no road back—and I'm not going to give in. I'm going to dig Roscoe up and bury him somewhere else."

"John!"

"I know. It's unspeakable. The mere thought turns my stomach. Well, it'll just have to turn. I'm going to do it, Sally. It's the only way."

Sally sat frozen with horror. "Yes—I suppose it *is* the only way," she said at last. "But, John, oughtn't we to try and find George, first? He ought to help—and it would make it easier for you."

"It would, I agree—but how would we start? We haven't the faintest idea where he is."

Sally thought for a moment. "We could perhaps get the A.A. to look for him," she said. "You'd have to think of some reason why you needed him urgently, that's all."

Mellanby considered for a moment, then shook his head. "I don't think we can afford to wait for George—if he's camping in a quiet spot like the quarry it might take ages to find him. We just haven't the time. If Blackett's Lane is going to be closed on the fifteenth that only gives us ten days at the most—and the workmen will probably start moving in well before that. The only safe way is for us to rely on ourselves—and we'll have to move fast. I think we ought to do it at once."

"You don't mean—*tonight?*"

"Well, no, there'll be too much planning for that. I'll have to do some reconnoitring—find a suitable place. There'll be preparations, too—equipment to think about." He broke off. "I'm afraid I shall need quite a bit of help from you, Sally."

"Of course," Sally said.

"I'll spare you all I can. . . ."

"I know you will."

"I suggest we make a start tomorrow night, then. It'll take us two nights to finish, at least—one to move the body and one to move the suitcase. Perhaps more—there'll be all the filling in, as well as the digging. We'll move the suitcase first—get acclimatized."

Sally looked at him, startled. This was a Mellanby she didn't recognize. "Darling—are you all right?"

"I'm fine," he said. "I've just about got to the point where I don't give a damn, that's all."

EARLY next morning, Mellanby drove alone to Blackett's Lane. There were no signs that it was soon to become a busy thoroughfare. There were distant farming noises from the fields, but the lane itself was deserted. Mellanby drove straight to the quarry and parked his car. Then he crossed to the burial site in the bushes, firmly closing his mind to all but the practical aspects of his task.

It took him a little time to find the spot where Sherston had buried the suitcase, but, as he pushed the light covering of leaves aside with the iron ferrule of his stick, his archaeologist's eye at last picked out the tell-tale traces of disturbance—a slight upward bulge, an unfilled crack, the faint impression of a heel. The place was three or four yards from Roscoe's grave. Mellanby marked its centre with a large stone, so that he would be able to find it more easily at night. Then he started to prospect around for an alternative site.

The quarry floor offered no possibilities at all. Mellanby crossed to the other side of the lane. The prospects were much better there. Behind a thin hedge of hazel and bramble he found a field which looked as though it had been abandoned after an unsuccessful attempt at cultivation. The marks of the plough were still there, but bracken and heather were beginning to take over and the place would soon revert to heath. A rusty wire fence had wide gaps in it, making access easy.

He passed through a gap and walked slowly up and down, parallel with the road but about twenty yards from it, examining the ground and prodding it with his stick. The soil was dry and peaty—it should be fairly easy to dig. The site was a bit exposed, especially to the field above the quarry, but at night that wouldn't matter. He decided he need look no farther. He found another stone and marked a spot well back from the road and almost opposite the gap he'd come through. Satisfied, he returned to the car.

AT the house he reported the results of his reconnaissance to Sally, and they discussed further arrangements. It would be unwise—and unfair, they agreed—for them to go out secretly at night without telling Kira, their Norwegian girl. She might hear the car, and wake and worry. It would be better, Sally suggested, if they said they were going to dine out and go on to friends afterwards and might be back late. The Blakes in Bristol would probably have them for coffee if she rang them.

Mellanby agreed. For the second night they would have to think of something else—but that could wait. Sally went off to tell Kira and Mellanby retired to the garage to make preparations.

Most of the things he would need for the night's work were in an adjoining tool shed, put there after his last "dig"—an entrenching tool and spade, gumboots, boiler suit and electric handlamp. He tested the battery, found it in good order and stowed the things away in the car boot. Then he stood frowning for a moment. He'd need something to drink—but it wouldn't be safe for Sally to try and smuggle a flask of coffee out. He'd have to make do with water.

He found a clean bottle and filled it at the garden tap. Anything else? There was a folded tarpaulin which he sometimes used to cover small excavations in wet weather—better put that in the car as well. He wouldn't need it tonight, but he'd probably need it the next night for—he forced his mind to frame the ghastly word—for the remains. . . .

At six o'clock that evening, Sally gave Kira a few final instructions and they said goodbye to the children. Then they drove into Bristol, where they lingered over a meal that almost choked them. At nine they called on their friends the Blakes and took coffee with them, forcing themselves to make

ILLUSTRATED BY BJARNASON

The Body in Blackett Lane

Mellanby flung himself flat beside the half-dug hole. He was caught in the sudden glare of headlamps

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MOTHER

The golden deed

continued from page 24

light conversation. At ten thirty they set off thankfully for Blackett's Lane. The weather forecast on the radio that evening had been "changeable," but the night looked like being dry and warm. The moon wouldn't be up till nearly one in the morning. Conditions were perfect for their enterprise.

It was a little after eleven when they reached the lane. Driving along it, Mellanby kept an eye open for possible parked cars, but the place seemed quite deserted. Once in the quarry, with the lights off, he felt secure.

They had been over the drill carefully and knew just what to do. Sally, subdued but determined, took up a position in the lane a few yards from where Mellanby would be digging. The moment she saw or heard anything she would join him, and he would douse his light and wait till the danger had passed. Mellanby had already donned his boiler suit and gumboots and brought the tools over to the bushes. He quickly found his marker, hung the electric lamp on a branch, and started to dig.

It was heavy work, and he was soon sweating freely. The need for speed was in his mind all the time as he toiled on It was nearly half an hour before the spade struck the resilient top of the suitcase, more than four feet down. It took him another half hour to free the case, for he had to open up a much larger hole before he had elbow room to get at it. But at last it was out, and he stood back, sweating.

"All right?" Sally called. It was almost her first word for an hour.

"Yes, I've got it," Mellanby said. "I'm going to fill in now."

Filling was easier, but it had to be done with care. As long as the body was still buried close by there must be no obvious signs of digging anywhere. Mellanby shovelled and stamped, scraping in the last of the loose soil. When the ground was level he swept leaves over it again and drew the brambles across and obliterated his footmarks by the light of the lamp. Then he picked up the damp suitcase and the tools and joined Sally. The time was just after half past twelve.

Sally looked at him anxiously. His hair was matted, his face streaked and filthy. "Darling, you're soaking," she said. "Oh, I do wish I could help."

"You're doing fine," Mellanby told her. "Don't worry—I'm an old hand at this."

His cheerfulness didn't deceive her. "I've got the water here," she said. "Would you like some?"

"Please." He took the bottle and gulped down several mouthfuls. "That's better." He handed it back. "Well, I suppose we ought to get on."

Together they carried the case and tools and lamp to the new marker. There was no cover now from any bushes and Mellanby told Sally to keep an especially careful lookout. She returned to the lane and mounted guard again and once more Mellanby started to dig. He would need to hack out a trench about five feet long by three wide to get the necessary depth. A sliver of moon was just beginning to show above the trees and he knew he had to hurry.

For fifteen minutes he dug without a pause. His muscles were aching now. His hands were blistered. . .

Suddenly there was a sharp call from Sally in the lane: "John—what's that light?"

He looked up, startled. There was a bright glow in the sky behind the quarry—it seemed to be coming from the field. In a moment two parallel beams of light stabbed the darkness. They were swinging like searchlights towards him.

He dropped his spade and flung himself down beside the hole, pressing himself against the ground. The beam swept over him and turned away. It was a car up in the cornfield across the road. He could hear its engine now. There seemed to be a positive blaze of light up there. More than one car, surely? What were they up to?

Suddenly a tractor engine sprang to life—and at once he knew what was happening. He got cautiously to his feet, uncertain what to do. Then he went over to Sally.

"What on earth's going on?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"They're going to get the rest of the corn in," Mellanby said. "Using car lights and moonlight. They often do it when they think the weather's going to break."

Sally gave a little gasp. "Of course! I couldn't imagine what it was. Darling, how far have you got?"

"I ought to go down another two feet."

"Do you think they can see you?"

"Not if the lights aren't shining on me, but it's very unnerving when they swing across. In the beam, they probably could. Perhaps they'll settle down in a few minutes."

So they waited. The cars were still manoeuvring, taking up their positions round the field. Distant voices came floating over the quarry towards them. Someone was shouting instructions. Then the headlamps grew steady. The note of the tractor engine changed. It was on the move. Work must have started.

"I'll have to risk it," Mellanby said tensely. "They'll be here all night."

Sally nodded. "Do be careful!" she called after him, as he slipped away.

Back in the field, he redoubled his efforts. With the moon up, and the lights glowing above the quarry, he could see well enough now without the lamp. He hacked and shovelled, with one eye all the time on the skyline. He had dug out another foot of earth before the next alarm. Then the noise of the tractor suddenly grew louder. It was coming nearer. It must be hauling its first load. Moving towards some gate. Its headlamps were swinging.

Mellanby dropped flat again, his heart pounding. The beam was almost on him. It *was* on him. For a second, it seemed to hold him in a white glare. They'd seen him! It was all over.

Then the spotlight passed. The tractor went on its way. He got slowly to his feet. He felt badly shaken. He couldn't go on like this—it was too dangerous. Better to fill in the hole and take a chance on the depth. At least the suitcase would be out of reach of any ploughshare.

Quickly, he levelled the bottom of the hole and lowered the suitcase in and flung back the soil, stamping down each layer. When the hole was full and firm, he put back the turf he'd cut from the top and stamped that down too. In a few days, with luck, the surface would look much like the rest of the field.

Kneeling down, so that his body shielded the lamp, he flashed the light on for a second to make sure that everything was all right. Then he gathered up the tools and walked heavily over to Sally.

"Well, I think that's done the trick," he said wearily.

"Darling, you were marvellous."

"It was a near thing, that light."

"I know. Come on, let's get you home."

In silence, they crossed the quarry floor to the car. Mellanby stripped off his boiler suit and gum boots and locked everything up in the back. Then he slumped down in the passenger

MIDDLE AGE—1

The youth gets together materials for a bridge to the moon, and at length the middle-aged man decides to make a woodshed with them.

H. D. Thoreau

seat. Sally took the wheel. Neither of them spoke much on the way home. Mellanby was too tired to talk. Sally was too worried. The prospect of another night like that weighed like lead.

As they neared the house, Sally began to wonder if Kira would wake. Very quietly, she turned the car into the drive with the headlamps off and let it trickle to a stop. They entered with the stealth of burglars. No one called out. Evidently they were going to be all right. Mellanby went straight upstairs to clean himself up in the bathroom. By the time Sally joined him, he was getting into bed. Five minutes after that he was asleep.

IT was after nine in the morning when he was roused by Sally's voice and the clink of a cup. He heaved himself up on one elbow, stiffly. Sally was sitting in her dressing-gown, pouring tea.

"Hallo, darling," she said. "Well . . . do you feel better?"

"I ache a lot more," he said. He took the cup she handed to him, and gratefully sipped the hot tea. "Have you seen Kira and the kids?"

"They hoped we had a lovely time. Kira didn't hear us come in."

"That's a relief. Sleep all right?"

"Not really . . . it took me ages to get off." Sally gave him an odd look. "As a matter of fact, darling, I'd no sooner closed my eyes than I had the most extraordinary thought. I've been longing to tell you."

"Well, carry on."

"John, you remember when George rang you up that night, to tell you that Roscoe had died?"

"Yes."

"What did he say? About finding Roscoe? I've forgotten."

Mellanby frowned in thought. "Well, as far as I can recall, he said he'd been out for a short stroll, and Roscoe had seemed all right when he'd left, and when he'd got back he was dead."

"Did he say when it happened? Finding him, I mean."

"Yes, he said about half an hour before he rang me."

"That's what I thought. And how long after the phone call was it before you reached the caravan?"

"Oh, about three-quarters of an hour."

"John, do you realize that, not counting interruptions, it took you nearly two hours to dig out that new hole last night, working at top speed?"

Mellanby stared at her. "Well?"

"Well, that was the thought that kept me awake. Darling, if George was telling us the truth he'd have had less than an hour and a half to dig a much bigger hole . . . a full-sized grave . . . and get Roscoe's body into it, and start filling it in again, before you got there. Could he have done it?"

A look of puzzlement settled on Mellanby's face. He'd done enough field work in his life to know the sort of timetable that digging involved. Slowly, he shook his head. "No, I don't think he could," he said.

"He's very strong, of course."

"Even so," Mellanby said, "I can't see him doing it. It would have taken him quite a while to find a suitable place. Then he had to go and phone me, and get back. And he was digging in a tougher spot than I was, with only a spade." Mellanby shook his head again. "I'd say it was absolutely impossible. Sally, this is fantastic!"

"It is, isn't it? If we're right, it means that Roscoe must have died before George said he did, and George must have got on with the digging and not told you about the death until the grave was almost finished!"

"That seems incredible."

"I don't know. He was obviously determined the body should be buried, and he didn't know whether you'd agree or not. He might well have gone ahead on his own."

"It would have been a shocking thing to do," Mellanby said. "Heavens, it was bad enough to go as far as he did without consultation, but to keep the death a secret deliberately, so that he could present me with an accomplished fact. Sally, that would be unforgivable. . . ."

There was a little silence. Then Sally said: "Well, darling, facts are facts, aren't they? If what you say about the digging is right, that's what *must* have happened. Unless, of course, it was even worse."

"What do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious? If Roscoe died when George said he did, and it took George more than an hour and a half to dig the grave, then George must have started digging it when Roscoe was still alive."

Mellanby said: "What a horrible suggestion!" He looked appalled. "That can be ruled out right away."

"Can it?" Sally's face was wooden.

"Of course it can. If George had had the slightest suspicion that Roscoe might die, he'd have called a doctor straight away . . . not dug a grave."

"I'm beginning to wonder," Sally said. "We don't really know George very well, do we? We don't know what he's capable of."

MELLANBY gazed at her incredulously. "We know him well enough for that, I should think. Why, it would have been deliberate murder . . . just as much as if George had gone in to Roscoe and hit him with a spanner."

"Darling, I've been thinking about this for hours. Look, if George had merely been concerned with the safety of both of you, he'd have phoned you first, before starting to dig . . . so that isn't the explanation. . . . If he'd suspected that Roscoe might die, and hadn't had anything more on his conscience than what happened at this house, he'd have called a doctor right away, if only for his own sake . . . anybody would. So that isn't the explanation, either. . . . But if he'd deliberately finished Roscoe off himself, then that *would* account for his not phoning you, and for his frantic haste to get the body buried. Don't you realize? There'd have been marks on the body he wouldn't want you to see."

For a moment, there was an uneasy

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DEPT. G74, 46, MARKET PLACE, READING, BERKS 20/11

The golden deed

continued from previous page

silence. Then Mellanby said: "Well, you have a point there, I suppose. But there's no evidence to support it."

"Isn't there? Didn't George keep on saying that Roscoe wasn't fit to live, even after the fight was over and Roscoe couldn't do any more harm? He's had a rough upbringing. He's just the sort who would take his revenge."

Mellanby still looked unconvinced. "I can see what you're trying to do, Sally, and don't think I'm not grateful. You want to take the load off me, and God knows I'd be only too thankful if you could. But I'm afraid it's not going to work. You've thought all this up because you wanted to."

"That's not true, John. Not entirely, anyway. You agree there's a case?"

"Oh, there's a sort of case, I suppose, but there's still not a scrap of real evidence to back it up. Anyhow, I just can't believe it. A lot of the things you said about George may be true, but I can't see him as a cold-blooded murderer deliberately finishing off a helpless man. And that's not all. Aren't you overlooking something?"

"What?"

"Why, Eve, of course. I thought you liked her a lot. Can you see *her* co-operating in a thing like this?"

"Eve took sleeping pills that night," Sally said quietly. "She wouldn't have known a thing about it."

Mellanby was silent over breakfast. He still considered Sally's idea fantastic, but he found it impossible to dismiss it from his mind. It was all very well, he realized, to say he couldn't imagine Sherston as a cold-blooded murderer, but wasn't that, perhaps, starting at the wrong end? Whatever Sherston's reasons had been, there was no doubt at all that he'd behaved in a pretty infamous way. As soon as breakfast was over Mellanby took himself off for a walk to think things out. Carefully and conscientiously, he went over in his mind the various points in Sally's case. There were gaps, undoubtedly. There were weaknesses. People often did guilty-seeming things for innocent reasons. But not, surely, hustling a body secretly into a grave?

What about other aspects of Sherston's behaviour? What light did they throw? There was the message Sherston had asked Eve to pass on when she'd telephoned, saying that he was a bit worried about Roscoe. Not much help there. A message showing some anxiety would have been necessary, of course, to prepare the way for the later announcement of the death, if that had been planned. But it could equally well have been genuine.

MELLANBY'S thoughts ranged on. There was the rather hurried way Sherston had cleared out of the district after the burial. It was understandable enough that he'd wanted to leave, of course, but he could at least have said where he was going. And he could certainly have telephoned by now, as he'd promised to do. Why hadn't he? Was there an element of flight?

What about motive? Revenge and fear, mixed? After all, Roscoe had twice made approaches to Eve, the second time with reckless violence. . . . Had Sherston thought, perhaps, that this formidable thug might try it yet again, and planned to kill him to make sure he didn't? Or, of course, the act could have been done on a sudden impulse—an opportunity taken. Murder *would* have seemed very simple in that place. Mellanby's imagination could vividly conjure up the scene—Eve in a drugged sleep well before midnight; the lonely, silent quarry; the helpless man; the ease with which Roscoe's worthless life could have been ended. One crack with the spanner. But had it happened?

Mellanby scarcely knew what to think now. He distrusted his own feelings—he was too aware of his desperate desire to shift the blame from himself. There was certainly a case—but was it stronger or weaker than before? He didn't know. All he knew was that things couldn't be left as they were—that, somehow or other, the situation had got to be cleared up. . . .

Sally was with Kira and the children, picking Victoria plums at the bottom of the garden, when Mellanby got back to the house. At the sound of his voice she hurried up the path to meet him.

"Have you decided anything, darling?"

"I think we must try to find the caravan," Mellanby said.

She gave a little sigh of relief. "Yes, I'm sure it's the thing to do."

"You may be right or wrong about Sherston, I don't know, but one way or the other it should be possible to settle the matter."

"I should think so! Let's hope we're not too late, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it occurred to me, if George *was* responsible for Roscoe's death, he's hardly likely to have stayed in England. He may be hundreds of miles away on the Continent by now."

"I rather doubt that," Mellanby said. "Not with the caravan, anyway . . . the ferry boats are always pretty well booked up at this time of year. Anyhow, we should be able to check that quite easily with the motoring organizations, there can't be so many caravans crossing."

"Do you remember the number of George's car?"

"I've got it somewhere . . . I made a note of it when Roscoe was stuck in the lane with the caravan."

"That's lucky. John, what exactly will you say if we do find him? It's going to be rather awkward, isn't it?"

Mellanby looked grim. "We'll just have to take it a step at a time."

"Starting where?"

"Well, I'll begin by telling him about the crises we've had to face . . . Faulkner's letter, and now the road widening. They'll seem perfectly good reasons for going after him. I'll tell him about my digging last night, and what a time it took. Then I'll switch to his effort, and say I'm puzzled. He'll have to give some explanation."

"He'll probably give the reason we thought of first, that he wanted to get Roscoe buried before you had a chance to interfere. It's about all he can say."

"If it doesn't happen to be the true reason," Mellanby said, "it may not occur to him right away. We may catch him completely off balance. He'll have Eve to think about, don't forget . . . assuming she knows nothing."

"You mean he might admit it?"

"You never know. At least, the way he reacted would help us to make up our minds about him."

SALLY hesitated. "Suppose you were convinced he'd done it, John . . . would you tell the police?"

"I think we'll face that problem when it arises," Mellanby said, with the ghost of a smile. "I'm very much afraid it never will. Now I'd better get on to the motoring people."

Sally put a hand on his arm. "Darling, what about tonight? Can't we leave it for a day or two, now?"

Mellanby's face grew grave again. "I don't think we'd better risk it, Sally. We don't know how soon the workmen may descend on the place."

"I do so *loathe* the idea," Sally said. She looked very downcast. "Still, if you're quite certain. What shall I tell Kira?"

"I should say we're going to see how that 'dig' at Bensworth is getting on. Then, just before dark, we can telephone her and say the car's broken down . . . we didn't have to use that story last night, so it's still all right. We can tell her not to wait up for us."

Sally nodded dejectedly.

When Mellanby rang the motoring organizations, he learned that neither of them had issued foreign touring documents for the Sherstons' caravan or car. He asked them to alert their road patrols to find Sherston, and they promised to do their best. Now, he could only wait.

The day was completely overshadowed by the macabre task ahead. Sally's announcement that she and Mellanby were going out again was received philosophically by Kira, but with laments from the children, who were beginning to feel slightly neglected. Sally, instead of soothing them, became irritable. After her sleepless night she felt quite worn out. The weather didn't help. The air was close, with a hint of thunder.

Mellanby's mood was more determined, but hardly less sombre. In his anxiety to spare Sally all he could, he spent much of the morning trying to work out a method by which he could get the body out of the grave without her help. It would be too heavy for him to lift from the bottom of the hole without assistance, but he might be able to raise it by mechanical means. He had some tackle in the shed that he'd once used for lifting bits of masonry—a simple arrangement of blocks and ropes which would require only a support from above. With the tackle, he should be able to raise the body and swing it out on to the tarpaulin. Then he could wrap it up and rope it. Sally would see nothing. . . .

The afternoon dragged slowly by. Five o'clock came. In another thirty minutes they would be off. Mellanby felt thankful they'd arranged to leave early—it would be less of a strain.

At that moment there was a vivid flash of lightning, and a roll of thunder that shook the house. Almost at once it began to rain. Mellanby went to the sitting-room window and looked anxiously out. The storm had come up with astonishing speed. The purple sky was full of menace. The rain was getting heavier every second—it was almost a tropical downpour now. In a short time the garden paths were running like rivers. As he gazed out on the drenched scene, Mellanby knew that, for this night, at least, they had worried unnecessarily.

PRESENTLY, Sally came and joined him at the window. Her face wore such relief as Mellanby had never seen there. "The best-laid schemes, darling!"

He nodded grimly. "We couldn't go now, even if it stopped right away, and it's obviously not going to. We'll just have to put it off till tomorrow."

"Perhaps it's providence," Sally said. . . .

The storm raged till late in the evening, and then slowly died away. By morning the weather was fine and sunny again, with a brisk touch of autumn in the air, but the ground was still so wet that Mellanby thought they'd probably have to wait another twenty-four hours or so.

Immediately after breakfast he got out the Humber and drove over to the quarry to see what conditions were like there. The first thing that caught his eye as he turned into Blackett's Lane was a huge lorry, dumping a load of brick rubble on the verge.

The sight gave him a shock. The highways department was getting busy even sooner than he'd feared. From now on there'd be constant comings and goings by day—and before long there'd be roadside camps and nightwatchmen's huts as well.

If he and Sally were going to move Roscoe at all, they'd *have* to do it within the next day or two.

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NEXT WEEK: The mystery of Sherston's visitors

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

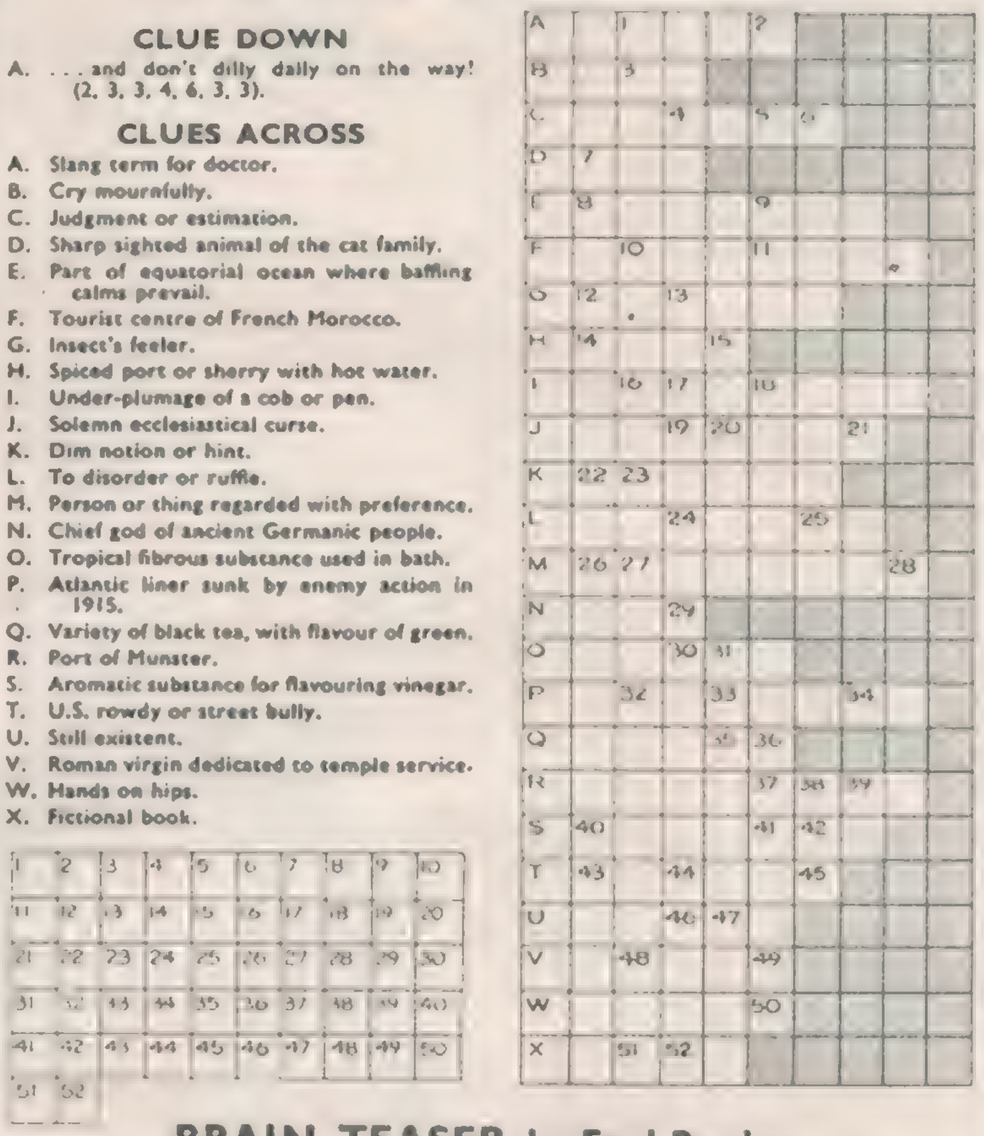
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. . . . and don't dilly dally on the way! (2, 3, 3, 4, 6, 3, 3).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Slang term for doctor.
B. Cry mournfully.
C. Judgment or estimation.
D. Sharp sighted animal of the cat family.
E. Part of equatorial ocean where baffling calms prevail.
F. Tourist centre of French Morocco.
G. Insect's feeler.
H. Spiced port or sherry with hot water.
I. Under-plumage of a cob or pen.
J. Solemn ecclesiastical curse.
K. Dim notion or hint.
L. To disorder or ruffle.
M. Person or thing regarded with preference.
N. Chief god of ancient Germanic people.
O. Tropical fibrous substance used in bath.
P. Atlantic liner sunk by enemy action in 1915.
Q. Variety of black tea, with flavour of green.
R. Port of Munster.
S. Aromatic substance for flavouring vinegar.
T. U.S. rowdy or street bully.
U. Still existent.
V. Roman virgin dedicated to temple service.
W. Hands on hips.
X. Fictional book.



BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

When Miss Barbara Howard became Britain's No. 1 Elvis Presley Fan she had seen one hundred performances of Elvis's films. She had a large number of his records, and six times this number of photographs of him. Also, she had twenty times as many press-cuttings as she had photographs.

She found that if she divided the number of photographs by the number of records, and multiplied the result by the number of film performances, the answer was one-tenth the number of cuttings.

How many records did she have?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 43 FOR THE ANSWERS

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Doctor's diary

continued from page 19

his head and said: "Now, before the frost. Do you want me to have a go?"

"Yes, and take any cuttings you want."

I watched Willy Leaf carefully as he came into the surgery; he walked with slow, shuffling steps and leaned heavily on a stout stick. I had seen it all before and turned away to get his card out of the cabinet. An embittered foreman had once described him as too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work.

"Well, what's happened now?" I asked.

"I took a job at Smith's new factory at Highford," he said. "I saw some mates lifting a bit of gear on to a low-loader and, well, I just had to give them a hand. Then something seemed to slip. Now I can't bend, and even sitting down is torture."

I stood him up with his back to me, undid his braces and exposed his lower back. Every touch on his lumbar region produced groans of pain as did any attempt to bend. I finished the examination, purposely leaving his trousers rolled down, and turned away with a sidelong glance at the mirror behind me.

I said: "All right, dress up."

In the mirror I saw him bend down quickly and pull up his trousers.

I wrote out a prescription for some liniment and suggested that he practise bending movements. He said: "Thank you, Doctor. Can I have a note for the factory and one for a little club I belong to?"

I thought hard. He was obviously grossly exaggerating whatever injury he had sustained to his back, but he might have some genuine disability. I wrote out the notes and told him to report in a week's time, consoling myself with the thought that there were certainly more dishonest employers than malingering workmen.

In come the gipsies

My next patient was Shag Shale, a dark, shrivelled little man of seventy-five who was the head of a local tribe of gipsies. He came in with his daughter-in-law, Martha Head. Before I could make the usual inquiry, old Shag opened his mouth and partly protruded his tongue; the shank of a small fish-hook with about half an inch of gut attached stuck out of the tip.

"How did this happen?" I asked.

Martha said: "He was tying a fly for a gentleman and holding the little hook in his mouth while he got the feathers ready. Someone passing jerked the line and hooked him in the tongue."

Shag would never sign a "Temporary Resident" form or give any personal details, and so avoided being chased by officials for such troublesome things as insurance cards. He paid a standard fee of 5s. for consultation, supplementing this by occasional presents which had ranged in the past from a swarm of bees to half a dozen willow clothes-pegs.

I took out the hook, and said: "That's five guineas."

Shag smiled and held out his two half-crowns.

Martha said: "And I've brought the babby."

Babe in a bundle

She bent her brown head over a bundle of bright shawls in her lap and unfolded various layers till a little cannon-ball head, with a crown of black hair, appeared. The small, dark eyes looked up.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, a dear little babby boy," said old Shag, speaking with new clarity.

"How old is he?"

"Six months."

"How many teeth?"

Martha said: "Two and one a-coming."

"What's the trouble?"

"It's 'is breathing. His breath comes very quick and he goes red and seems to hold it. Then he gasps like croup."

"If you have all those clothes on him you can't expect him to breathe properly." I told her. "Now, no tight clothes—only three layers—and warm socks for his feet, and he'll be well in a few days."

"Can I have some medicine for his chest?"

"No, he doesn't need it. Now sign this form, Martha, for the baby."

"I can't write, sir."

"What, not even the secret writing?"

She blushed and made a large cross—two simple curving lines that seemed to shout restlessness and a divine discontent. I endorsed the mark with my illegible characterless signature.

Another patient came in.

It often seems to me that of the patients who could well attend at any time, the chronics always choose a surgery when I am single-handed.

Mrs. Malt was no exception. In the distant past someone had foolishly told her that her blood pressure was raised and she attended regularly "to have it checked."

Mrs. Malt lowered her fourteen stone into the chair and loosened a thick coat trimmed with anonymous fur. Her make-up had not extended to powder, but her crimson lips matched the tip of her nose. She said: "I'm getting the

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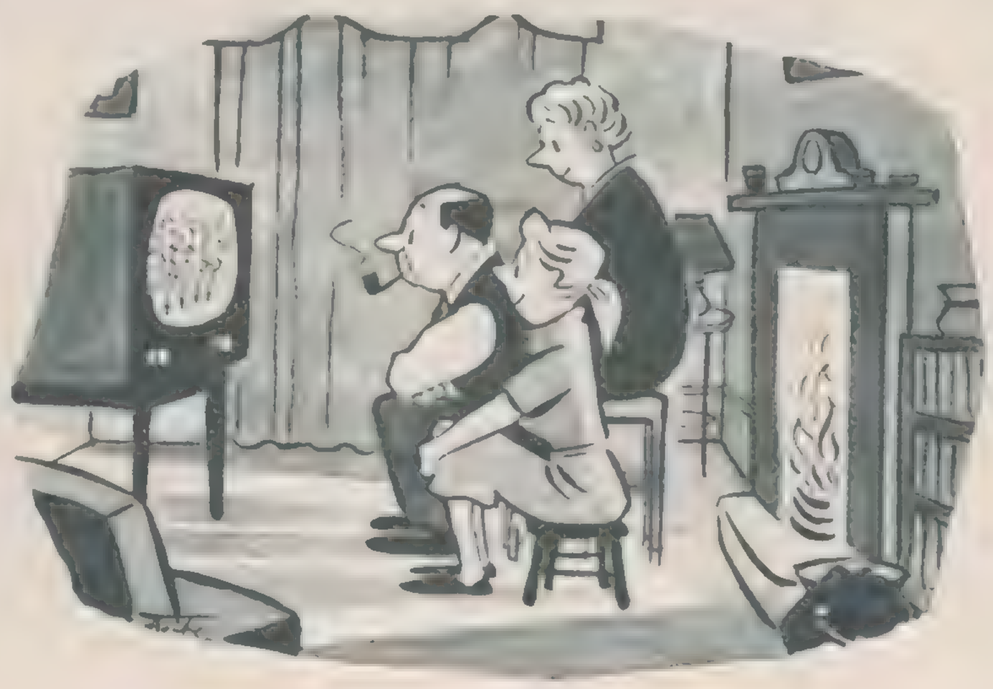
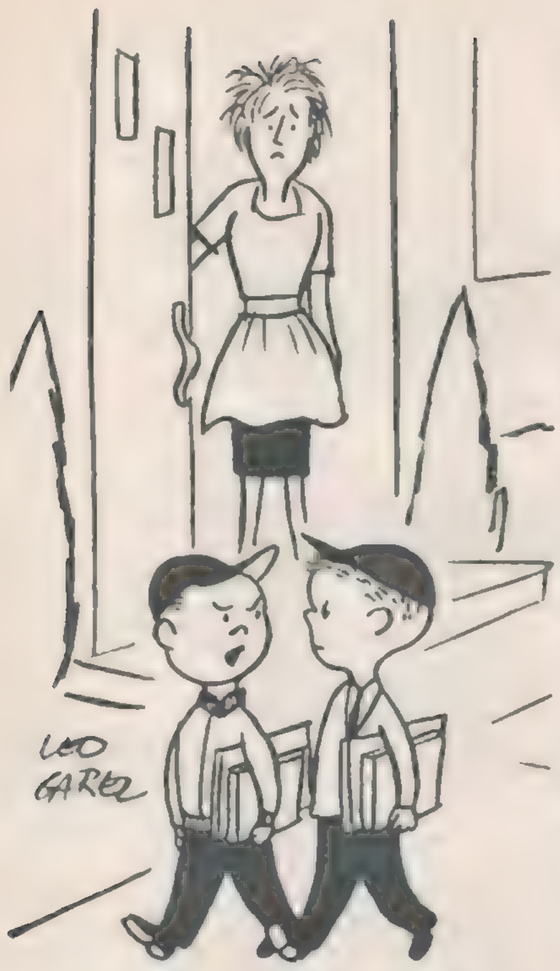
Starke's Guide To Winter Warmth



"The thoughtful placing of furniture will ensure that the maximum benefit is obtained from an open fire"



"I'm worn out by the time she gets me off to school"

wind again, specially at night. It almost suffocates me and I wondered whether the blood pressure was right."

I said, looking at her card: "I put you on a diet and gave you tablets for a month only ten days ago."

"Yes, Doctor, but with all the wind I thought I ought to have a check."

"Take off your coat and I'll test it for you." I turned the scale away as I took the reading.

"Is it correct?" she asked anxiously.

"No, you haven't been sticking to your diet," I said.

"What's the blood pressure?"

"Five millimetres too high. Now, reduce the tablets to two a day, and stick to the diet or it may be serious. Come again in a month."

When Mrs. Malt had left, I set off on my round. As I went out of the surgery to the car, Rudy Baynham rode up on a chestnut mare, presumably on his way home from cubbing. He was a handsome youngster, an accomplished horseman, an expert dancer and a charming social companion. Several maidenly hearts glowed hopefully in the district. Raising his bowler, he said: "I was going to ring you up because I have to be vaccinated. I'm going to Rhodesia."

I was not surprised. Rudy did not seem to do very much locally except spend money, and no doubt his people thought there would be more encouragement to real work abroad.

"I'm on duty this weekend," I said, "and as it happens there's some fresh lymph. Come in tomorrow about seven."

"Oh, and Doctor, can I please have some more foot powder, the one with the nice smell?"

"Yes, don't get off. I'll give you the prescription now." I returned to the surgery, wrote out my favourite powder and handed it to Rudy, who trotted away in the direction of the chemist.

My own speciality

Almost every doctor has some special medicament amounting to a personal fad. Some have a special cough linctus; others an elegant stomachic. My own speciality is a dusting powder which our pharmacist, Mr. Jerome Weeks, makes to perfection. Ninety-four per cent is talc, fine and smooth, that leaves the skin dry, shining and slippery, and there is five per cent of powdered sulfathiazole to discourage the pathogenic organisms that lurk in the ducts and follicles.

The last one per cent is iodoform, which is a poor antiseptic but has a wonderfully clean smell conveying to the mind white dressings, billowy swabs of wool and the fierce efficiency of a surgical ward.

It was quite clear that I was not expected at the Coppice—old Mrs. Armley's house beside the Abbey brook. Young Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Armley's youngest daughter, looked out of an upper window, a duster in her hand, to reappear almost immediately at the front door.

She started talking at once in a shrill monotone. "This way, Doctor. Mind the step. I'm glad it's you. Granny was very satisfied with the other doctor, but I always say that two heads are better than one if it's only sheep's heads."

I followed her into the bedroom. Granny Armley was a dark-eyed little old woman of eighty-three.

Her heart, I discovered, was quite strong enough to maintain a reasonable circulation. I said as much to them both as Mrs. Bell chattered on. "She's had the tablets, one three times a day. But, oh dear, after the one last night we thought we'd lost her with the gusty heaving. The vomiting was terrible."

"Just a minute, just a minute," I said. "Let your mother tell me."

The old lady leaned forward and said: "I felt the wind round the heart, but that stuff didn't shift it. . . ."

"What stuff didn't shift it?" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mrs. Bell move quickly to stand between me and a side-table, but she was too late. I repeated my question and added: "What's that bottle on the table?"

There was a silence as I picked it up. It was a quart flagon half-full of a clear, pale-pink fluid.

"What on earth's this?" I asked.

Mrs. Bell gave a nervous laugh. She said: "It's a drop of herb, heart cordial from Mrs. Thrupp."

The direction on the label read: "A wine-glass full before and after."

I said: "Before and after what?"

"Oh, it's just to ease the breathing."

"If you are going to give the old lady this herbal nonsense and make her sick," I said, "neither my partner nor I can make her better."

Mrs. Armley replied: "We didn't expect you so soon. We'll throw it away."

"Would you like a few eggs?" Mrs. Bell offered. "It would only upset the other doctor if you was to say anything to him."

A dose too much?

I pledged my silence and drove off with a dozen brown eggs from the multi-coloured hens in the yard. I wondered, though, if I was right in criticizing Mrs. Thrupp's herbal cordial. The tablets my partner had given Mrs. Armley were Tabs. Digitalis gr. 1 T.D.C., or one grain of the dried, compressed leaf of the foxglove three times a day. And perhaps the cordial was also digitalis; vomiting is an important sign of excessive dosage.

I drove down the river road for five miles to the Pretty Pigs and went straight up to Tom Skindle's bedroom.

Tom spoke with difficulty in a hoarse, nasal whisper. His throat was so swollen that a sip of water was hell. I examined him and said: "This means bed for you for a week."

He nodded. I gave him some benzocain lozenges from my bag and an injection of penicillin in his thigh. I told him that I would arrange for the nurse to continue the injections.

"Oh dear," he said. "More trouble. We had a robbery last night. I sent for Gottit and he's just come." (Gottit was Sergeant Barlow's more usual local name, derived from a figure of speech peculiar to him.)

"Someone took twenty-two pound ten out of the desk in the office, and I can't see Gottit making a cop."

I did not share his opinion. Gottit had a large, rather stupid face, but he was a highly intelligent and astute man. On my return to the front door I noticed his broad blue back in the entrance to the office.

"Sorry to hear about the robbery, Barlow," I said.

He gave me a welcoming smile and his long, sad face showed a certain animation. "This is the office, Doctor," he said, "just behind the bar. Got it?"

"The money was in the top drawer of the desk," Gottit went on. "I reckon whoever took it was in the bar last night

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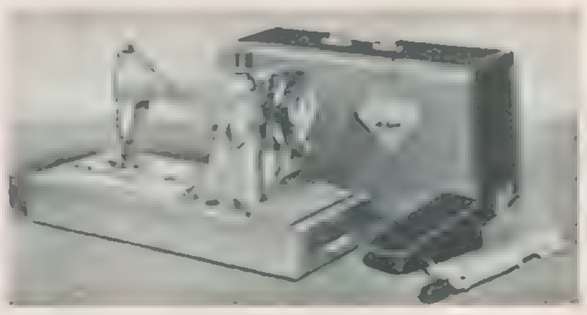

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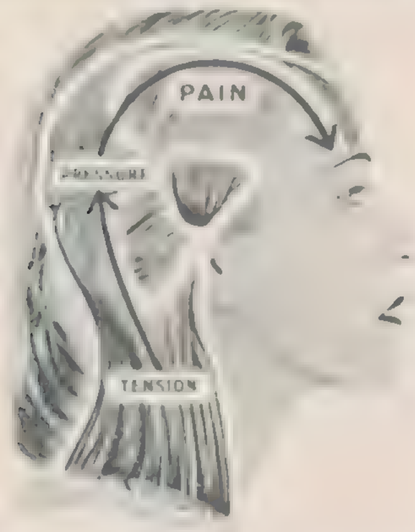

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Doctor's diary

continued from previous page

waiting, and it was a bit of luck for him Tom having a sore throat and being off-colour. He waits till Tom is serving an order and then he nips in here and unlocks the window. Then he goes back to the bar."

He turned his sad face towards the desk. "After chucking-out time, which might be anything here as some of us know too well, he puts on a pair of gumboots he'd left outside and walks round to the window and pulls himself in, leaving the gumboots outside."

"Did he go out the same way?"

"Yes, he forced the desk, took the money and dropped back into his boots outside, after wiping everything he touched. Got it?"

"Why the chalk mark under the window?" I asked.

"Ah, that's where the thief may have made a mistake. When he jumped into the room with only his socks on he left a print. Mind you, Doctor, it's only the print of his foot through the sock. The C.I.D. may make something of it."

I said: "I can't see anything."

"You get up a bit closer, sir, and bend right down. You'll see part of the shape of a foot showing against the grain of the lino."

It was quite true, but I had to put my eyes almost to floor level before I saw it. "Full marks," I said. "Not many people would have spotted that."

The woman of faith

Next I went to see my new patient, Miss Warble, at The Mount.

The door was opened by Sally Rigg—an ardent supporter of mine since I removed a painful verruca from her foot. She whispered: "The old girl's got a wart on her eye."

I was shown into a room where Miss Warble sat in a high-backed chair. She was a woman of about sixty, but her smile and her handshake seemed of an old, lost age.

"Do sit down, Doctor," she said. "I have sent for you because I have a small lump by my eye. I realize it is only lack of faith and I am ashamed to trouble you."

I turned her face to the light and examined the lump with my lens. It lay at the inner canthus of the eye and the lower lid appeared slightly drawn towards it. The lump, the size of a small pea, was centred by a tiny depression; it was hard to light finger-touch.

"How long have you had it?" I asked.

"About three months. I noticed it in June on the very same day that a dear friend of mine in Edinburgh slipped into the sunset."

"Does it bleed?"

"Yes, lately it has bled occasionally."

I disagreed with Sally Rigg's diagnosis. I said: "It's a rodent ulcer, and must be dealt with soon to prevent it spreading. If it's ignored it will destroy first your beauty, then your health and finally your life."

She blushed and turned away. Then she took my hand and I faced the gaze of her light grey eyes with difficulty.

"I feel now," she said, "that I am transmitting waves of true health to you, yet I know that you believe in science and the cold logic of operations. You don't believe in the cure of the spirit."

"How do you know?"

"Because you are a doctor."

I replied: "I don't believe in a stupid, senseless spirit, but I think it possible that waves of healing help me in my work."

She said: "So you believe in the healing power of thought and prayer?"

Wondering what the General Medical Council would think, I said: "Yes."

"But how wonderful! I must have time for prayer and meditation, but I promise you I will take the treatment."

For a moment she paused, then went on: "I'd almost forgotten. How selfish of me to forget. My gardener, Sam Tully, has not been at all well and I would like to send him and his wife to Torquay for a fortnight.

"He tells me he's a patient of yours,

"Hurry up and drop that ash. I've got a lot of other things to do"

so you must know that he has giddy turns. Now he's fallen during one, bruising his face and cutting his lip. I have sent him a bottle of plum brandy—it's an excellent tonic."

"I have great hopes that these turns of his will respond to treatment," I answered. "I certainly wouldn't advise that he went away just now when he's beginning to react."

"May I leave it to you to let me know when you think he will be fit?"

"Yes, certainly."

I picked up my bag and drove off. I looked like being late for lunch. When I stopped at a call box and rang my wife, however, she reminded me that I had promised to attend a wedding reception at the Catherine Wheel at half past one.

I joined the wedding party just as they went into the dining-room. Betty, the innkeeper's wife, filled our glasses, and I whispered: "Half an hour," into her ear as she leaned over my shoulder. It meant that, in half an hour, she was to give me a call to a patient.

An aged relative was rising unsteadily to his feet to propose the toast of the bride when Betty touched my arm and said loudly: "You're wanted on the phone, Doctor."

I left to keep my appointment with Laverton to go through the formalities necessary to Bertie Tanner's cremation.

Later, when I was driving back, I suddenly remembered my appointment

MIDDLE AGE—2

For real true love . . . the best age is from forty-five to seventy; up to that, men are generally given to mere flirting.

Anthony Trollope

with Big Harry. I looked at my watch. Zero hour was five, and it was zero minus four. As soon as I spotted the holly bushes I drew the car into the side and took my gun out of the boot. Then I peeped over the hedge.

The light was failing fast now, but the sky ahead was bright. Big Harry appeared on the horizon, moving slowly towards a belt of bushes. I looked at my watch again. It was dead on zero. I pushed the safety catch forward and loosened my right shoulder. Big Harry had disappeared and I could just hear his stick whacking about in the cover.

Suddenly there was the familiar clatter of wings, then another, and two birds rose against the sky.

I heard Big Harry shout: "O-VER!" and raised my gun. I knew I was bang-on as I pulled the trigger.

I had gathered the birds (with considerable pride) and packed up the gun before Big Harry joined me, his gargoyle-like face wearing a sinister grin. We shook hands in silence and I put him in the car.

"Which do you want," I asked him.

"Neither, Doctor. You keep 'em. It's a pity to split 'em and you'd be surprised the silly questions some would ask if they see me with a pheasant."

When we got back to Sallow I gave him 10s. and he disappeared into the back premises of The Net, The Catherine Wheel's only rival.

It was 5.30. I went home, had a cup of tea and drove off to evening surgery.

I opened the waiting-room door for the start of surgery and Ruth Warner walked in. She was an only child, living with her parents in a decrepit old mansion on the Kerion road. I did not know her well; even in the depths of the country there is a limit to the mixture of age-groups. The Warners were deeply religious.

Bound for London

Ruth took an official-looking envelope from her bag and handed it to me. It contained a form of application for employment with one of the large combines; the completion of the form required a medical examination.

As she prepared herself and I began to fill in the form I noticed for the first time the loveliness of her face. Once in the toils of the combine she would be the subject of a welfare policy and staff planning, and her activities would be recorded on charts with horrible names like time-study and sickness-absenteeism. There would be an end of her one-ness with the creatures of the woods and meadows.

"So you're off to make your fortune in London?" I said.

She smiled. "Yes, isn't it exciting? I'm going to learn to be a secretary, but I'll have to start in the typists' pool."

"London is a wonderful place," I said, "but it can be awfully lonely. Good friends are worth waiting for."

"Yes," she replied. "That's what Daddy said. But wherever I am I shall still be serving the Master."

Her words took me off-guard, and I almost asked an impious question before I realized that in her life there was only one Master.

She said: "I didn't understand the power of the Holy Trinity until I began to prepare for this new job."

I finished the examination feeling very ordinary, and experienced an emotion somewhere between shame and jealousy. When she left I shook her by the hand and wished her well.

I saw with a groan that Mrs. Chapple was the next patient. There she sat, fat, stupid and effete, tightly enclosed in a long coat with square buttons which I knew full well would take some time to take off and replace. Her large hat held a shining assortment of flowers and cherries; beneath it her hair was a mass of ridiculous ringlets. She had the

her father think, my dear?

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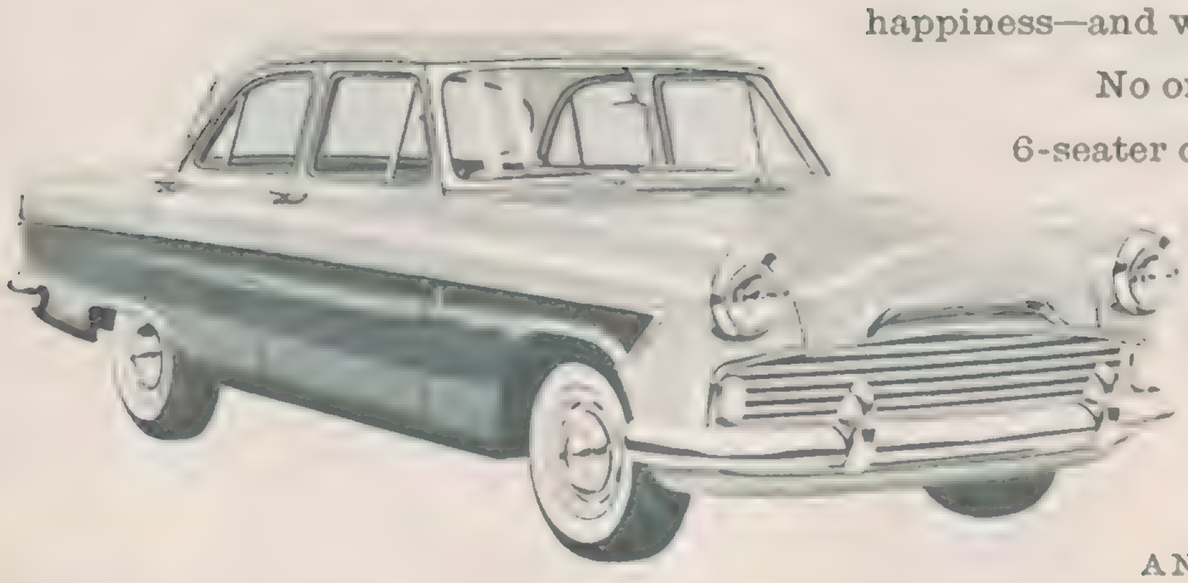

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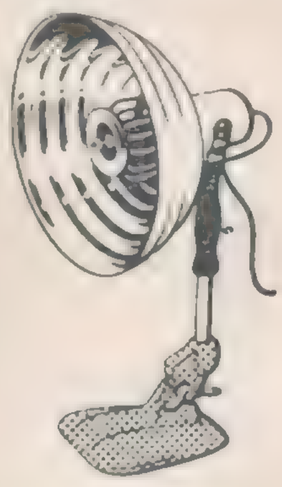

PIFCO

ELECTRIC MASSAGER

Doctor's diary

continued from page 32

annoying disability of not being able to answer any question directly.

"How are you today?" I asked.

"My husband thinks it's rheumatism," she replied.

Mrs. Chapple had pernicious anaemia. "Are you keeping your diet?" I said.

"I haven't slept a wink for a week."

I gave up the struggle and, telling her to take her coat off, went into the dispensary to prepare an injection.

Today, with regular injections, pernicious anaemia is no more feared than mild diabetes. I gave Mrs. Chapple one in a state of simmering patience.

With the end of surgery, I drove home for supper. There was a message for me to go and see Ted Clay at Rockley. I had my meal and set off.

Calls in the night

Why do people send for the doctor at night? It is certainly not that they have observed some serious sign of disease; they don't possess the knowledge or ability to recognize such signs.

For some reason not fully understood, pain and other symptoms are more acute at night, and members of the household compete in speculative diagnoses of increasing gravity until it is decided to end the uncertainty at once by sending for the doctor. In the message they express their concern in a bastard medical jargon which they feel will be stimulating to the doctor; usually its correct interpretation is the exact opposite.

They say, for example: "He's got a very high temperature and feels that he can't bear the clothes on him." (Patients with a high temperature feel cold and cuddle down among all the clothes available.)

Or: "I think it's his appendix—he's rolling on the bed with the pain." (In appendicitis, as with all abdominal crises, the patient lies very still.)

Patients vary in their reactions to symptoms, from the introvert, whose folder in the doctor's filing cabinet is bursting with cards, to the cheerful, carefree type who would be ashamed to go to a doctor and treats everything above the waist with whisky and aspirin, and everything below with salts.

It is the introverts who run the risk of not getting treatment in time. They get to the stage where the doctor ceases to examine them because for years his search for any organic disease has been fruitless. When disease does occur it is often missed.

In responding to a night call all these things have to be borne in mind; but not to go is to incur a grave responsibility.

When I got to Rockley I found Ted Clay, a powerful-looking man of sixty, slumped in a chair by the fire. The right side of his face was swollen, the swelling centred by a flaming red patch the size of a penny.

"I'm sorry to get you out," he apologized, "but I must have something to ease the pain."

"How long have you had it?"

"It started yesterday morning and has been getting worse ever since."

"Have you hurt your face or cut it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"You've got erysipelas," I said, giving him an injection. "Before the days of penicillin this might have been fatal.

"I'll leave some tablets to relieve the pain. Nurse will call tomorrow and give you another injection, and I'd like you to send down in the morning for some lotion."

Erysipelas has become very rare. It is caused by a common germ—a form of streptococcus—but there are other factors: dirt, lack of good food and, commonly, a small cut or insect-bite to let the germ into the skin.

I started home on the winding road between the hills. A man appeared in the headlights and signalled for a lift with his thumb. It was old Barney, the road man and he was limping badly.

"I was coming down to the box to give you a ring," he said. "It's old Mrs. Fayne. There's no light from her window and she must be ill. I'd go up myself, but I doubt if I'd make the pitch with this leg."

I thought he looked rather scared.

Mrs. Fayne lived in a very old house, The Motte, on a steep slope midway between some old earthworks on the hill and the river below.

Mrs. Fayne had two rooms—all that remained of the crumbling building. Her bedroom was reached by a thick-runged ladder tied to a beam. The earthworks and the river were connected by a deep, dry dyke about thirty yards away from The Motte.

The dyke was a straight cutting through the red marl, almost certainly artificial and nearly twenty feet deep in places. Where the dyke joined the river was a notable salmon pool.

Dog began to growl

Once, some years ago, I was fishing there, wading out from the bank, when Ricky, my bull terrier, started to growl. I turned to watch him. He was backing to the water with his hackles up and trembling violently. He was watching something in the opening of the dyke, and was very distressed.

I leaned my rod on a rock and walked up into the dyke. There was nothing there. I packed up and went home, thinking that dogs as well as humans can be influenced by the eeriness of their surroundings to the extent of seeing things. Ricky would not eat his supper that night.

I suppose I saw Mrs. Fayne three or four times a year.

She was a tall woman with a strong, masculine face, very brown and criss-crossed by innumerable wrinkles. She was a woman of some education and

spoke correctly and quietly except when she was telling some tale of the past; then her voice deepened and her old eyes flashed.

Once I asked her if she did not feel lonely. Her answer surprised me. She said: "Nobody would come up here worrying me after dark. It's haunted, by all accounts."

"Go on with you," I answered. "You don't believe in ghosts."

"No," she said, "but there has always been a man in the dyke. My father told me all about it. Five hundred years ago there was a great fight near here. It was Owen Glendower with his men against King Henry's men."

"Yes, King Henry the Fourth."

"Well, Owen won and with his own hand he killed the wounded, except one man, who cried out: *'Yr wyf i o'r gwaed!'*—I am of the blood—and so Owen would not kill him. But he cut out his eyes and threw him in the dyke."

I said: "That doesn't sound true. I've read that Owen was a good and brave soldier who certainly wouldn't kill wounded men."

"So we hope."

She turned to the fire and put a thin, dry stick between the bars; in the blaze of light her old face looked very grave and handsome. "I've lived here all my life," she went on. "There was more of The Motte left when I was a child—and when I cared to listen at night I've never failed to hear a blind man moving in the dyke. It's a slow movement—a drag and then a grunt of pain—from his wounds no doubt."

I leaned over and touched her arm. "Now, Mrs. Fayne, you're a sensible person. That's just the badgers."

"Maybe. I'm getting very old now and before dark I put a plate of food by the dyke. Who knows? It can do no harm."

"If you've got those silly ideas in your head," I said, "the sooner you leave here the better."

"I'm all right. I can see Barney's light from my window when I go to bed. It is only a scant mile away and I can go there if I feel afraid. Sometimes I worry what would happen if I was ill and could not put out the meal, so I am always glad when you come and sound my heart and tell me it is still strong."

That had been a month ago. Now it was late and I was tired. But it seemed to be my duty to go to The Motte.

When I got there I called: "Mrs. Fayne." But there was no reply. I pushed the half-open door.

My torch showed me that the room was empty and the fire out. Her little brown terrier sat on its haunches by the ladder: it threw back its head and keened, its mouth as round as a shilling.

I had to use both hands to climb the rickety ladder. My torch caught in a nail and fell to the floor in a tinkle of glass. I climbed on up and as I felt my way towards the bed my foot struck something. I think I realized what it was before I leaned down and touched the ice-cold flesh.

I had no matches, but by the flashes from my lighter I made out the body of Mrs. Fayne. There was a thin trickle of blood from her forehead.

A noise outside

I sat on the bed trying to decide what to do. The rain had stopped and all was quiet. A cold wind blew in from the open window bringing with it the sound of something moving by the dyke. I tried to ignore the noise of the badgers.

It seemed wrong to leave her; someone should be here with old Mrs. Fayne until the simple regimen for the dead could be begun—even the funny little brown terrier did not desert. Her body must be treated with tenderness and compassion, and her few, select possessions kept together until her wishes were known.

From outside, near the dyke, I heard a grunt and a slow noise like a dragging step. Cautiously I went to the door.

"Who's there?" I called.

"It's me, Doctor," said Barney. "I thought I would follow you up."

"The old lady is dead," I said. "Where does she keep her candles?"

I made a more careful examination of the body. It seemed likely that she had been in bed all day, had had a heart attack—possibly a coronary thrombosis—and had died trying to get to the window for air. I tried not to imagine any other explanation. I heaved Barney up the ladder and we laid the body out on the iron bedstead.

A few days later I saw Barney again. I asked him: "When you came up after me to The Motte that night, did you come on the path from my car or on the track from the dyke?"

"The main path from where the car stood," he said. "I was by the car when I heard her dog yowl."

My wife had some tea ready when I got home, following the discovery of Mrs. Fayne's body, and we drank it as we made ready for bed. I didn't seem to have been asleep for long when the phone rang. I switched on the light and picked up the receiver.

A woman's voice said: "Please to come at once, Doctor, she's very ill. I'll get straight back now."

"Wait, wait. Who is ill?"

"Old Jinny Williams at Risley. It's 'er heart." I asked for further details but she rang off.

When I got to the Williams's house I was shown up to the bedroom.

There was a wood fire in the small grate, but the room was cold and damp. Occupying most of the wall opposite the door was a four-poster bed. In the centre lay the patient, her eyes closed, head and shoulders raised on pillows, and the arms extended palms-down on

MIDDLE AGE—3

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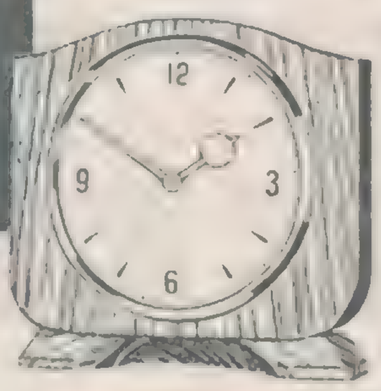

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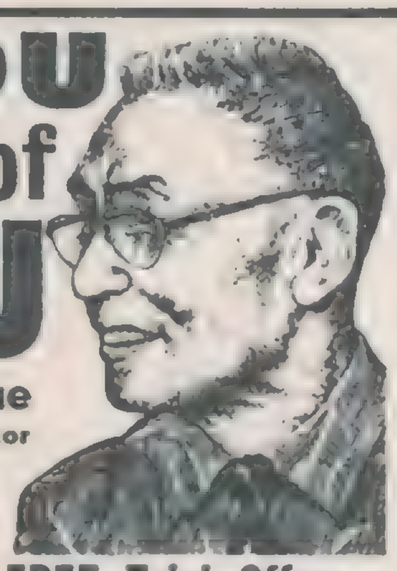

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Doctor's diary

continued from previous page

the coverlet. It was an aged face, flushed red from brow to sagging mouth. The lips trembled with each noisy breath.

Old Williams sat by the bed, his square face drawn and anxious.

"What's happened?" I asked.

He put a hand across the bed and laid it on one of the limp arms. "We had our tea about five and when she finished hers she said: 'I feel bad, Willy bach.' I asked her where she felt it and she said: 'It's in the head, for all the world like water in a cataract.'

"I put her to bed and gave her a drop of brandy and she went to sleep. I sat here like I am now and she seemed to sleep till she opened her eyes, looked at me and said, 'I'm leaving you, Willy.' It was after that she began to snore tremendous."

"So you realize she's dying?" I said.

"Yes, Doctor, and I thank the Lord I've outlived her. I couldn't have a-beared to think of her on her own."

I said: "I don't think she will live many hours. A blood vessel has burst in her brain, but she is quite unconscious and free of pain."

Old Williams looked straight ahead.

"Who is it downstairs?" I inquired.

"A niece."

"Ask her to go and telephone for the nurse; it's Willerton nine two. I'll stay with you till she comes."

When he came back upstairs he brought some logs and made up the fire. Then sat again by the bed and took his wife's hands. He seemed to want to talk.

"She was a fine girl with a wonderful education for figures, but tremendous shy. We walked out most nights for three years, but I never seemed to get round to asking—her being above me, like. But it came one night. She said to me: 'If you love me, squeeze my thumb.' We've laughed about it since."

He turned to the limp old figure in the bed and the tears in his eyes glistened in the firelight.

At a quarter past five I heard a car arriving. When Sister entered she took in the situation at a glance.

"Thanks for coming so promptly," I told her. "Mrs. Williams has had a cerebral haemorrhage. I didn't like to leave Mr. Williams without skilled help. My partner's away so I must get back."

I drove home, shaved and breakfasted. Then I went down to the surgery, entered the visits, filled up the stock-bottles and did the odd jobs that are the Sunday morning chores.

On Sunday mornings I normally went to see the Bensons. I regarded the visit as a weekly interlude which transported me into a different plane and left me in a state of mind which I can only describe as mental giddiness. I set off about half past ten.

Sam Benson was sixty-five, and his sister, Miss Violet, a year or two older. They had one servant, Mrs. Fagg, of about the same vintage. Sam Benson referred to her as "the old faggot."

Two on parade

The Bensons were private patients and liked a weekly visit—he had mild varicose eczema of his legs with occasional gout and she had a chronic arthritis of the upper part of her spine. Benson believed that his condition was due to cold, particularly draughts, and he lived in a ground floor room so sealed that sometimes the fire wouldn't draw. His sister believed in fresh air and spent her day on the other side of the house with all windows open.

The consultation with both took place simultaneously in the neutral territory of the dining-room.

As I turned into their lane I gave a long blast on my horn, the signal for them to parade in the dining-room. I found them sitting together at the table.

She greeted me with a smile as her brother came forward and shook me by the hand. "Come in, my dear fellow," he said. "Close the door. Vi, hot water for the injections. Call the old faggot."

He was in the middle of one of his interminable ramblings into his past as a shipping agent when Mrs. Fagg came in with a saucerless steaming cup on a soup plate. I got out my hypodermic and the phials of vitamin injections which I was giving to them both.

Mr. Benson had exposed his forearm. "I'm ready, Doctor."

I gave the injection and he hurried to his room. I changed the needle and, choosing a spot on his sister's expanse of flesh, made a similar injection.

As I left the house, I marvelled that such folk really existed: and as I drove back over the hills I speculated on the possibility that they were normal and I was eccentric.

Promptly at seven in the evening the surgery bell rang and I admitted Rudy Baynham to the consulting room. He handed me a form stating that he must obtain evidence of successful vaccination before admission to Southern Rhodesia. I switched on the sterilizer, picked the needle-thin tube of lymph from the vaccination box and told Rudy to take his coat off and roll up his left sleeve.

I broke the tube of lymph, blew a large drop on to Rudy's arm and pricked it through the horny layer of his skin into the true vascular dermis. I covered it with a dry dressing.

"What happens now?" said Rudy.

"You'll have to let me look at it in seven days, to see if it's taken. When do you sail?"

"A week after that. By the way, I'm having a little farewell party at the Pretty Pigs. I'd like you to come if you can. It's on Wednesday."

"Many thanks," I said, "but I'm on duty that day. I hope Tom Skindle will be better by then. Incidentally, they've had a burglary."

Rudy laughed. "Yes, I heard about it, but I don't think it will interfere with the party. They only lost about twenty quid and they were insured; damn good thing, too—Gottit wouldn't make a cop in a thousand years. He's working on a footprint."

"I was up there yesterday," I said. "Gottit showed it to me. I had to look very closely to see anything."

Rudy was putting on his coat. "I didn't see much, but I smelt iodoform," I added.

Rudy's coat hung limply and his face went red. It was no longer a strong, youthful face, and the eyes were sly.

"You're the only one in the district using that foot-powder," I said.

He was a little more composed, but the sly look was still there. "Are you going to give me away?"

"I haven't decided yet. If the money is returned before you come to have the vaccination read, I might forget all about it. Now I think you'd better go."

The house-telephone rang. It was my partner. He said: "Well, we're back. Is everything under control?"

"Yes, I've got a brace and lost Jinny Williams from Risley and old Bertie Tanner."

"And the brace?"

"Pheasants on the Willerton Road."

"How on earth did you manage that?"

"I'll tell you in the morning. There was nothing much else. But I must get home to supper now."

THE END

© *Hubert Bagster, 1959*

"Doctor's Weekend," by Hubert Bagster, will be published as a book by Andre Deutsch Ltd. early next year, at 15s.

MIDDLE AGE—4

The only time you really live fully is from thirty to sixty. . . . Only the middle-aged have all their five senses in the keeping of their wits.

Hervey Allen

"The trouble with you is that you're not interested in calories—you just want to *eat*"

Nkrumah

continued from page 11

issue of real importance to Negroes in America. He rejected possible careers in religion, education or business and, instead, chose politics.

He wrote to a friend back home: "If colonialism can be defeated in the Gold Coast it will collapse in West Africa. Then gradually it will collapse all over Africa. With the end of colonialism the prop on which racism is based will be pulled away."

Despite entreaties from friends who wanted him to settle permanently in the States, and particularly from his pretty Philadelphia girl friend, described in his autobiography simply as "Portia," Nkrumah set off for London in 1944 to carve out a name for himself in the world of African politics.

In London he began studying for the Bar. But his studies were never more than a means to a political end, especially after he became Vice-President of the Pan African Congress, the organization at the root of many modern African nationalist movements. Finally he gave up his law studies. More useful to him in his subsequent career were the Sundays he spent in Hyde Park, mounted on the traditional step-ladder, expounding the doctrine of African redemption to the usual mixture of students, tourists and barrackers.

In London, too, he had a flirtation with Communism. Following the prevailing mood, Nkrumah joined a Communist-front "cultural society" and went to lectures on the theory of international Communism.

Communists barred

But he was soon disenchanted. When he became Premier of Ghana in 1952 he made known Communist sympathies a barrier to State employment and four fellow-travelling members of his own party were expelled.

He told them: "You cannot serve two countries. I want only people who will serve the Gold Coast, to the exclusion of all else."

While still in London he was invited by Dr. Joseph Boakye Danquah, then the Gold Coast's leading politician, to return home as general secretary of the United Gold Coast Convention. Nkrumah returned to find the political cauldron boiling. He addressed a public meeting in Accra and another in Takoradi and made a distinct impression. Then the first "disturbances" broke out and he was among those temporarily banished to the north.

In 1949 he founded the Convention People's Party, to which the great majority of former supporters of Danquah adhered.

After ten years in America and three in Britain, Nkrumah is as Western as he is African. This shows up in almost all he says or does. Except on political occasions, he wears Western dress.

He has encouraged his ministers to send their children to Europe and the United States for education, although a few of Ghana's secondary schools are of European standard and there is also a university college.

Yet he is still profoundly African in many ways. He will not make speeches on days the soothsayers say are "unfavourable" and he has even delayed parliamentary legislation on this score. Everywhere he goes he carries with him a walking stick, containing a lucky charm, given him in 1952 by a famous seer at Kankan, in French Guinea.

Friends rewarded

The African side of his nature comes out in his loyalty to old friends. Government M.P.s who lost their seats in the 1954 elections, far from being chided for their performance, were rewarded with embassies.

Ghana is notoriously corrupt. Ministers, earning the equivalent of £1,750 a year in Britain, are regarded by their relatives as a sort of new-style paramount chief and are expected to support all their needy kin.

Nkrumah knows what is happening. He wants to stop it. He has even dealt firmly with corruption among junior ministers and among heads or managers of State corporations. But, so far, he has been afraid to fire any of his senior ministers.

He has a remarkably equable temperament. When in need of rest he can drop off at a moment's notice and awake thirty minutes later, refreshed. He once said that he could almost always sleep "like a child."

Nevertheless, overwork occasionally brings on bouts of temper. Fortunately, they never last long. One senior British official recalls a telephone conversation in which the Premier dressed him down in raging terms over the failure of some project and ordered him to report at once to the Castle.

The civil servant jumped into his car and drove, worried, to Christansborg, where Nkrumah has his headquarters. Within five minutes of putting down the receiver he was in the Premier's office.

Nkrumah smiled ruefully. "Well, I don't think there's anything more to discuss really," he said. "Try and see this doesn't happen again. I'm sorry if I shouted, but I was rather annoyed."

For prestige reasons, Nkrumah refuses to have a bodyguard, but he is extremely frightened of plots, and

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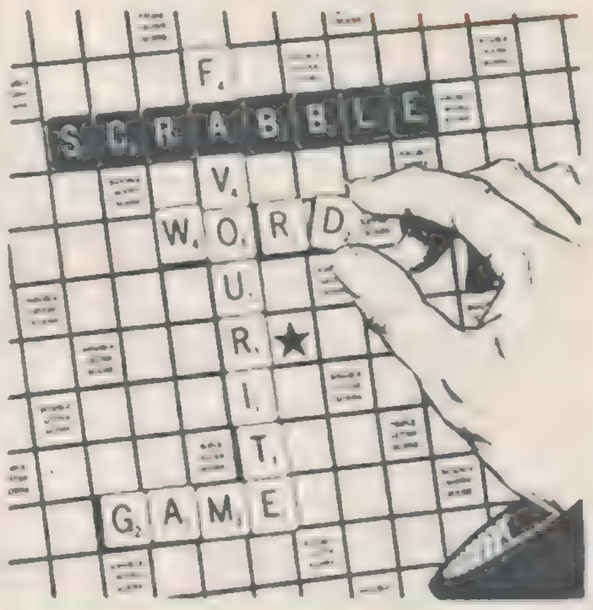

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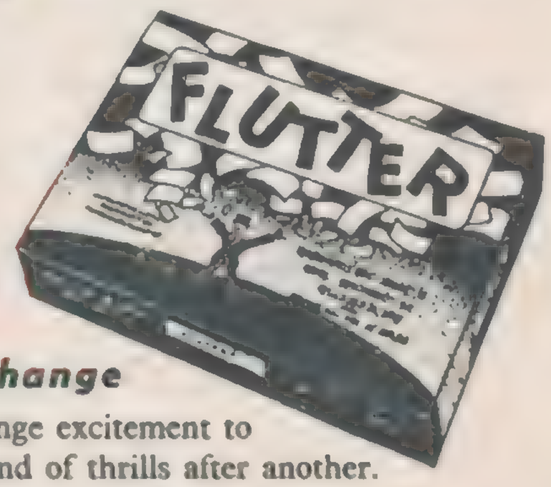

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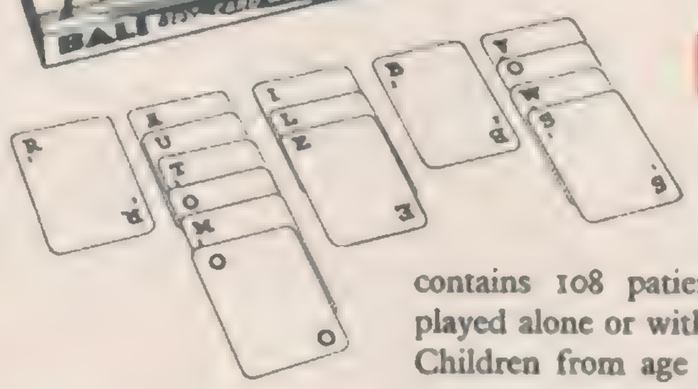

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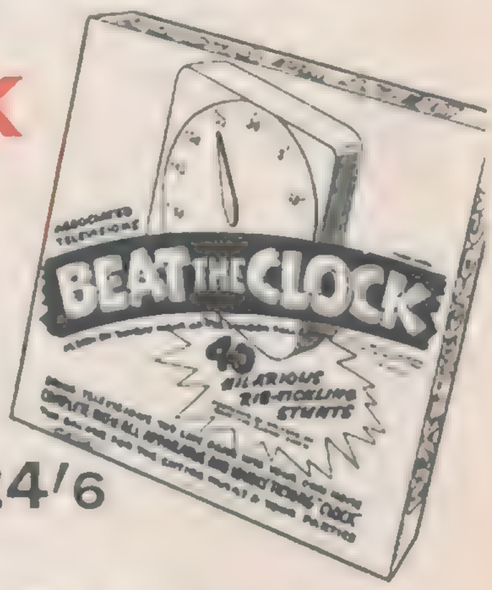

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Nkrumah

continued from previous page

against alleged plotters he is prepared to use the country's Preventive Detention Act, regardless of world-wide criticism.

He has detained without trial nearly forty people believed to be involved in a conspiracy. He has expelled an equal number of Nigerians for taking part in local political violence. He has encouraged his party to build a cult round his name.

Yet to accuse Nkrumah of dictatorship would make nearly all Ghanaians laugh. The courts are jealous of their independence. They acquit opposition leaders charged with offences that fringe the political. They send government militants off to jail for rowdyism.

An Opposition daily, the *Ashanti Pioneer*, still flourishes. It is sold in government buildings, and hundreds of civil servants read it in the ministerial canteen. Although Nkrumah has centralized administration to a degree which his critics inevitably compare to colonial rule, he could never go the whole hog and become an African Kruschev, an African Franco or even an African de Gaulle.

His trouble is not megalomania but a towering inferiority complex. For ten years he was, to all intents and purposes, a Negro American. This harrowing experience has left him sensing ridicule in every political criticism and looking for offences under every stone.

Marriage contract

It irritates and depresses him that while technical and engineering posts are more and more filled by Ghanaians, nearly all posts requiring imagination, creative resourcefulness, drive or management must still be held by Britons, West Indians or Israelis.

His insistence in taking a white wife is said by those close to him to be illustrative of this complex, for this was not a love affair but a marriage contract through intermediaries.

Nkrumah had always seemed a confirmed bachelor when, in 1957, he sent Baidoe Ansah, an M.P., to find him a bride in Egypt. She was to be white, physically attractive and as demure and discreet as African wives. Ansah contacted five Coptic families, and according to rumour was finally offered the choice between two sisters. The one he chose was twenty-five year old Fathia.

Nkrumah first set eyes on Fathia when she arrived at Accra Airport at noon on December 30, 1957. They could not converse because they had no common language. Three hours later they were married. Only three or four members of the Cabinet and an equal number of friends, none of whom knew what was to happen, were invited to the wedding.

The country first heard of the arrangement when Radio Ghana broadcast it in the six o'clock news.

The marriage was not popular, especially among women. Hurt and angered, Nkrumah now keeps his wife almost in purdah and she is never seen except by a tiny group of women friends selected by the Premier. Nkrumah runs his parties alone, so it is unlikely that Prince Philip will see much of her, or of their son, Gorke, born in April this year.

The truth is, Nkrumah likes very much to be liked. His preparations for Prince Philip's visit show something of this. Although Ghana is not British by tradition and therefore does not wish to retain a Queen who symbolizes a heritage Ghana does not share, Nkrumah is anxious that the changeover to republican status within the Commonwealth shall be accomplished with understanding.

The invitation to Prince Philip, and the grandiose nature of the royal reception he will receive, will be Ghana's good-mannered way of saying goodbye to the monarchy.

The fact that Nkrumah should have chosen this way of making Ghana a republic, at a moment when the whole continent is more concerned with nationalism than niceties, and when Nkrumah is expected to set an example of ruthless determination, is evidence of the fact that "in the long run"—as one of his closest European collaborators says—"he usually keeps his feet on the ground."

THE END

Duchess of Kent

continued from page 16

twenty-two rooms in Kensington Palace. About eight of those rooms are in constant daily use as offices. There she transacts her official business. Her South American tour alone meant writing many hundreds of letters and making hundreds of telephone calls.

I have seen the files: they cover the end of one office. Her normal working day begins at 8 a.m. and frequently does not end before midnight.

The rest of her rooms in Kensington Palace are used for official entertainment and for her own eating and sleeping. Thus, little of her time and living space are truly her own.

Despite her sorrow and the press of work after the Duke's death, the Duchess put her children and their upbringing first and foremost. "She gave them a solid, sensible education," a close friend told me. "No extravagance, no nonsense and no false values. She is devoted but very firm."

Five years after the death of her husband she engaged Katherine Peebles, a Scotswoman, full of charm and common sense, to act as governess to Prince Michael. She was recommended by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and later became governess to Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Princess Alexandra immediately christened her "Bambi," after Walt Disney's endearing little fawn, while the rest of the family generally referred to her as "Misspy" (short for Miss P.). She became a family friend.

"The children's education was provided for by trust funds left by their father," one of the Duchess's closest friends told me.

In the years that have passed she has brought up the two princes and Princess Alexandra in a thoroughly down-to-earth, democratic way, but with a proper sense of their own inherited responsibilities.

As small children they went to a little local school at Iver, usually riding there on their miniature cycles. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra made special friends with the twin boys of the local doctor. They had other neighbours' children to tea and visited them in their own homes. When they went to the seaside, they stayed in small hotels and played on the beach with other children.

On holiday in Scotland, the two boys even helped the local butcher at Ballater to make his sausages.

No privileges

The Duke of Kent, after some years at Ludgrove, a preparatory school near Wokingham, went to Eton in the September term of 1948. He was then nearly thirteen years old. The following February, Princess Alexandra, eleven years old, became a boarder at Heathfield near Ascot. The Duchess particularly asked that she should be given no special privileges. Mistresses and girls alike called her "Alex."

She was not particularly brilliant at any subject but definitely above average in English, French, history and art. She was good at swimming and rounders, fair at tennis, and an accomplished horsewoman. Afterwards in Paris she learned cooking, dressmaking, current events and an appreciation of the arts.

She came to Britain finally in April, 1954, a well-mannered young girl with a new confidence in life and well able to face the years of public duty ahead of her.

While "Misspy" was acting as governess to Prince Michael in those early childhood days, the Duchess looked for a holiday tutor for the young Duke of Kent. She chose Giles St. Aubyn, a son of Lord St. Levan, who became not only the young Duke's tutor but his friend and inspiration. Between them, "Misspy" and Giles conquered the young Duke's occasional fits of impatience which he had inherited from his father, and the occasional stubbornnesses of Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael who have much the same temperament.

Miss Peebles handled the youngsters with supreme patience, tact, good humour and Scots firmness. Moreover, she could teach.

The Duchess of Kent's vitality and sense of duty were never better demonstrated than on Saturday, September 27, 1952, when she flew from London Airport to Singapore on one of the longest, most arduous and valuable royal tours undertaken since the second World War.

The Duke of Kent, then aged seventeen, went with her.

When the Duchess and her son finally left Singapore on November 9, behind them was a legacy of goodwill, affection and loyalty which no politician, trade mission or ambassador could possibly have created.

Her dresses and hats were copied by bazaar tailors in every street in Singapore and Hongkong, every town in Malaya and Borneo. And today hundreds of girls born in bamboo huts in the Malayan and Borneo jungles are called Mirian, which is the nearest that the Malay tongue can get to Marina.

The government gave a state luncheon in her honour at Mansion House on December 16, 1952. An American journalist who was at the luncheon summed up the reactions of thousands when he said, spontaneously: "That Duchess of yours is the hardest unpaid worker in the world."

A zest for life

Today the Duke of Kent has grown into an almost uncanny likeness of his father. He has the same charm which made Prince George the darling of the "twenties"; the same devil-may-care youthfulness which made his father the favourite brother of the Prince of Wales; the same zest for life and speed—fast cars, ski-ing, dancing, modern music, lively parties and practical jokes. He has, too, his father's decisiveness of manner.

His car crashes have, naturally enough, given the Duchess nervous shocks and anxiety. But like every other realistic mother, she faces the fact that if young men are worth their salt they walk hand-in-hand with risk. The Duke inherits his fearlessness from his mother as well as his father.

"I don't think she knows the meaning of the word 'fear'," a close friend told me. "Anxiety, yes—fear, no. That is why she has never mollycoddled the children."

Prince Michael, now seventeen, has grown into a very serious-minded young man for his age. Brought up

without fuss or fads he has a strong sense of discipline. Family love and devotion has moulded his character. He is without "side" and, under his seriousness, full of fun. He is as good a mimic as his mother.

His father's love of music showed in him when he was a tiny child at school in Iver. There he played the tambourine in the school percussion band.

King George VI roared with laughter at the end of the first week at school when his little nephew rushed up to him and said, excitedly: "We've got a pincushion band at our school and I'm playing the tangerine in it." Now he has graduated from the "pincushion band" to the opera and concerts which he often attends with his mother.

His future career may be in the navy —not in the fire service, which was his childhood ambition. Many a time he wandered into a strange fire station, asked questions and made friends with firemen who hadn't the slightest idea who he was.

"He is a good sailor, loves the sea, and he has done quite a lot of small boat sailing," I was told. "Princess Alexandra and the Duchess are more like sisters than mother and daughter. The relationship between them is quite extraordinarily deep—the closest ties of affection and understanding.

"You never hear the Duchess speak with bitterness of the tragedies and bitter blows which have struck at her family and her own life."

Another close friend said this: "I have never once seen her lose her temper in the many, many years I have known her. She is the fairest person on earth. She makes allowances for everyone's failings and never condemns a person out of hand."

The Duchess has a specially happy relationship with the rest of the Royal Family. She has been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" for both her nieces for a quarter of a century.

Broke with tradition

She was the first Royal Princess to smoke in public—a small matter today, but it meant a lot then. She smoked with poise and dignity; so much poise that eyebrows which began to lift stopped climbing half-way. She calls her cigarette holder "my little pipe." Princess Margaret followed her aunt's example, copied her long cigarette holders and uses them still.

More important, the Duchess set a new example in royal dress. The first princess to break away from the old tradition of stiff, formal clothes, she showed that one could be not only regal and dignified, but smart at the same time.

At home at Coppins, the Duchess has no housekeeper. She runs the house, orders the meals and supervises the costs herself. All her servants have been with her for years.

She never forgets or loses her friends, but none, except her own family, addresses her as Marina. Her family, her home, her garden, her music and her friends—these are her relaxations.

The Duchess of Kent has made her mark in the history of this modern age by the sheer impact of her own personality. She has made friends and influenced people—millions of them, here and throughout the world.

Had she, as Princess Marina, twenty-five years ago, set a fashion for stuffy formality and conscious hauteur, it is very probable that royalty would not be as beloved as it is today.

Her utter femininity; the commonsense upbringing of her children; her smartness without ostentation; her endless official engagements, cheerfully carried out; her dignity and friendliness—all these qualities have built up a living picture in the minds of thousands who have never even seen her.

It is the picture of a brave, kindly woman who does a lot of hard work for little material reward.

That is the life and faith today of H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent.

THE END

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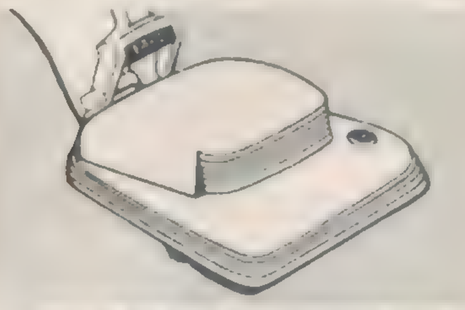

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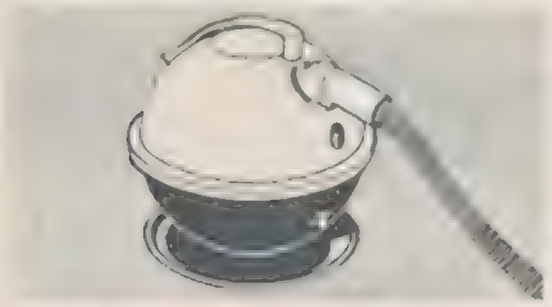

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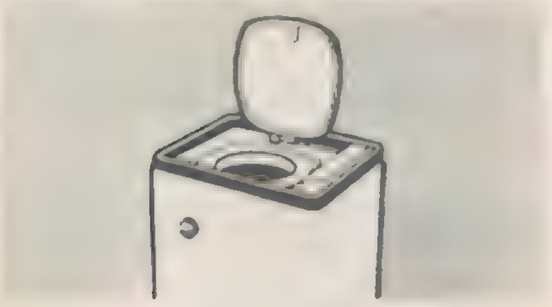

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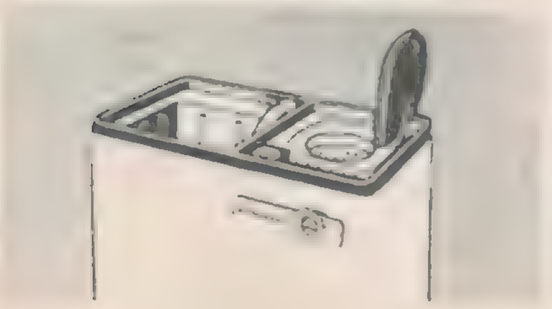

The witch and the storyteller

continued from page 10

supper time and beckoned my mother out. I don't know why I followed them. Supper was almost finished, and my father and brothers were lighting their pipes and pulling the stools over to the stove. I slipped out of the door behind them and went round the cottage to where my mother and Peter's mother were talking in low, urgent voices by the rain barrel.

". . . witchcraft. . . ." I heard Peter's mother say.

"The men will do nothing. Nothing," my mother said.

"Then *we* must do something, Maria Bor; you and I and all the mothers whose sons are threatened. . . ."

They lowered their voices, as if afraid they were being overheard. I crept closer. Closer. The edge of the moon showed above the sharp black ridge of the mountain, turning it to silver.

". . . burn down her house . . ." said Anna Steen.

". . . and if she is in it?" my mother whispered. I could tell by her voice how much she was afraid.

"So much the better for our sons."

"When must we do it?" said my mother, trembling, and looking over her shoulder.

"Now," said Anna Steen, who used to weep when she had to wring the neck of a favourite hen. The love of a mother is a curious love.

They moved away in the shadows of the village street towards another house, and I trembled where I stood. Then I began to hop and skip away from them, towards the wood. I had never realized how far it was before.

The cottage was shuttered as usual; and, as usual, the thread of smoke curled from the squat chimney.

I LEANED against the door for a moment, catching my breath. And inside the cottage I heard the soft sound of singing. Very low and sad. Like a mother singing to an empty cradle.

"Vilja," I whispered. "Vilja, open the door to me. It's Jan."

There was silence for a moment, and then swift steps. And the door opened.

"You've come back!" she whispered.

She took my hands, drew me into the cottage, shut the door. I couldn't speak for the pounding of my heart.

A lamp was burning, making a small light, shining on the yellow table.

"Why did you stay away so long?" she said. "Why did you hide from me?"

"Why should I not hide from you?" I made a gesture with my hand, helpless at the thought of trying to show all the reasons why I should hide. "And there is Ivar . . ." I said, lifting my hand and letting it fall; meaning not Ivar, but all the men that Ivar is; all the splendour.

"Can Ivar tell me stories?" Vilja said, holding my shoulders, smiling at me with that strange, haunted smile, sadder than tears. "Could he tell stories that would preserve my beauty when I am old. . . . Tell my small grandchildren that I was such a one. . . ? That men stopped in the streets of great cities as I went by? Could he do that for me, or name the stars for me in my eyes?"

I shook my head, still not willing to believe her, trying to remember why I had come. But all I could see was her face, pale as the moonlight now creeping through the heart-shaped loop-hole in the shutter, the dark shadows of her eyes.

I took one of her hands and held the knuckles against my cheek. And, as I held it there, I heard them. Quiet, rustling footsteps in the wood. Outside the door. A soft thud of something not very heavy falling against the wooden wall at our backs. And again at another wall. And again.

Vilja moved close to me, suddenly afraid, her eyes wide, filled with fear.

"What is it?" she whispered. "What is happening?"

"The women," I breathed against her ear. "I came to warn you. They are going to burn you out."

I felt her go rigid in my arms. "Burn?"

"Burn," I said.

She stayed rigid. It was like the rigidness of a corpse, and I realized that she had lived with this fear all her life, waited for it, dreamed of it. That a witch shall burn. It had been there under the surface of her mind; under the ugly unbelieving laughter of the cafés where her mother told fortunes for a silver coin, under the stones flung at her by children. That a witch shall burn.

And now it had come and she was paralysed. She could do nothing. If she had been there alone, she would have stood unmoving till the flames were about her.

I looked round, my eyes stupid, as if they were looking for a ladder into the sky, my brain upside down.

The cottage was a single room with wooden walls, built on a low course of undressed stone. It would burn like a rick of hay, like a torch. And out there, under the moon, they were piling straw bales and faggots against the walls, my mother among them.

If I cried out to them that I was inside? Surely my mother wouldn't burn her son? My mind was like a rat in a trap, thinking only of its life, turning round and round and screaming. And yet I couldn't cry out, because it would seem a betrayal of my love.

Round and round. I heard the crackle of flame, smelt smoke.

Then from outside a woman's voice cried. "Witch, witch. Your cottage is on fire! Come out and face us!" And then a sound so terrible that I have nightmares of it still; all the women of the village, screaming with one mindless, hideous voice of fear and hatred. It was like ice in the blood.

The flames licked and mouthed at the walls, and the smoke wisps thickened, poured in through cracks. It was already hot inside the room, and by an instinct we stood in the middle of the floor, paralysed by the hatred outside.

BEADS of sweat lay on Vilja's lip. She was staring at the smoke, but without any sight in her eyes. What was she remembering? Old, ancient times in some stone market place? And the smell of the smoke, and the rough bark of the stake rasping at her shoulder blades?

The flames reached the wooden tiles of the roof and there was a roar of burning that was like the wind. A shutter swung inwards, its wooden catch burned through. A great scarlet and yellow tongue of flame reached into the room, and hissed at us like a snake.

The paralysis broke in me. "Run," I screamed. "Run." I dragged her towards the door. The iron latch glowed red with the heat and I shut my eyes as I felt the hiss of it in my hand.

Then the flames, sucked into the open doorway, driving us back.

"Run!"

We ran together, crying with fear, dragging each other, through the doorway of silken, crimson flame, into the cool and darkness of the night. And there, in front of us, was the dark mass of the village women, huddled together in their own fear, watching the door. As they saw us come out together, they moaned, each woman thinking, "Is that my son?" Until they saw my crippled leg and knew who I was. Then only my mother moaned, low and keening.

But we were still running, hopping and shambling like a queer, wounded beast with one trailing leg. Running, running, blinded with fear; of the fire, of the hatred. Behind us my mother's moan changed into a scream of loss. "My son! My son Jan! Stop the witch from carrying him off."

WE heard again the voice of the women, of the beast of hatred, growling, moving. I looked back, and they were shaped by the flames behind them. I saw a dark mass of people, like one, huge, formless beast. It was following us, lumbering, beginning to run.

In front of us the moonlight lay icy silver on the black lake.

"Into the water," I urged her.

"No," said Vilja. "No. I shall drown. Let them burn me."

But I drew her in, until we were among the reeds, the water cold as the mountain snow.

Now it was at our waists. Behind us the women had reached the water's edge. A stone flew through the shadows, fell a yard from us. And then another.

"Lie on your back," I said.

She did as I told her and I took her shoulders and began to swim. In the sky the moon rode with us, and on the bank the huddle of women stood silently, a black mass of shadow, dwindling. Behind them the flames rose and sank, and rose again, twisting their leaves of fire together into one red flower, burning like a rose.

"We will go far away," I whispered to Vilja, over the lap and ripple of the quiet water. "To the far end of the valley. To the end of the world."

"Will there always be hatred?" she whispered back, staring at the moon, her head resting on my swimming body.

"Love is stronger than hatred," I said. "Hatred burns like a flame. But love is like the moon."

And surely enough, far, far, behind us across the water, the rose of flame had died, and burned down, and vanished in the darkness. But the moon rode with us to the other side. THE END

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"Don't be ridiculous"

Give

SENIOR SERVICE

for Christmas

IN ATTRACTIVE
CHRISTMAS PACKINGS
50 FOR 9'9½
100 FOR 19'7

THE BEST CIGARETTE

The odd boys out

continued from page 23

to find out why. In countless families, higher wages and the influence of television, the cinema and magazines are raising living standards. Many traditional working-class attitudes are being exchanged for what is, more and more, a middle-class outlook on life. But the families at the bottom of the income scale are not moving so rapidly in this direction, and some of them are hardly moving at all.

Their homes are generally overcrowded and the street is a natural place for the children to play. Here they form gangs, for in groups they feel more secure in a world which seems against them. Daring is applauded and timidity scorned. Following another boy into trouble is better than being thrown out of the gang. There is nowhere else to go.

Inside the home the upbringing is often haphazard and unplanned. The demands of the moment are the important ones. When money is there, it is spent; there is little budgeting or saving. Bad language and violence are common. Children may be punished with beatings and bribed with the promise of a new bicycle on the same day.

The trouble spots

Not all offenders come from homes like these, but delinquency is much more widespread among the children of unskilled workers. About one in every two hundred of them were in trouble in this particular borough—twice as many as among the children of semi-skilled workers and fifteen times as many as among those of middle-class parents.

Even if some middle-class parents manage to hush up the trouble-making activities of their children, the fact remains that most offenders come from families with low incomes, who are often looked down upon by their neighbours.

At school these children are frequently among the dullest. They feel keenly the sarcasm of the teacher: "I suppose you were stuck to the television last night," or, "When you leave, you will be good for nothing but a dead-end job."

Such youngsters grow up feeling different from others. They know that the tide is against them and that for them the high wages will not last. The security of a white-collar job is not theirs, and in a technological age the unskilled manual jobs will diminish.

At seventeen a boy may have an income greater than he can expect at thirty, with a wife and family to keep. While people sneer at his extremist clothes and hair style and resent his prosperity, he feels that his only way of hitting back is to display his material success.

If he is lucky he buys a second-hand car—a big one. Its size and power somehow transmits to him a sense of confidence. In his £30 Teddy suit he can laugh at the schoolteacher in his sports jacket with leather-patched elbows, the teacher who once spoke so disparagingly of him.

Boys like this, when they get into trouble, are usually thought of as the products of unhappy homes—psychological problems in the sense that they are "mixed up" and candidates for psychiatric treatment.

This, I found, is untrue, except in a small minority of cases. Of the boys I studied, not more than about one in five could be regarded as psychiatric problems in this sense. The rest fell into a large grouping whose delinquency could be traced to the environment in which they lived.

Their outlook was worked out for me as a simple philosophy of life by a young man named Ted. He is now in his early twenties.

Ted grew up in an area which is a trouble spot for the police and the probation service, and he had been to two approved schools and served a prison sentence of three years for robbery.

"Whatever you do, you want money," he said. "Different people get it different ways. My old man always used to be going on at me about how he worked for every penny he got. On and on he used to go. But I don't see any sense in being like him, up at five every morning, just putting money in someone else's pocket."

Ted dressed well, and ran a car. On Sundays he lay in bed until three in the afternoon. He saw his father as a mug who had been exploited and who was looked down on for his almost feudal devotion to his firm. Ted certainly looked down on him as a failure. Without skills and with only a rudimentary command of English, Ted was determined to be somebody. But his chances of achieving this were small.

He had grown up in a society which dangled the material good things of life under his nose—the reward for "getting on." The difficulty was that some people, like Ted, lacked the educational and intellectual skills to get them in the accepted way. His criminal activities were part of his struggle to escape the fate which was mapped out for him by his environment.

There is nothing simple about juvenile delinquency. It is as complex as any other form of human behaviour, but common to almost all young offenders is a sense of deprivation. For most of them, the family life of their childhood has been poor, emotionally and materially. Later, when they had money, their deprivation lay in rejection by the community who derided their rock 'n' roll and Teddy clothes.

Gap is widening

They knew, too, that their limited education would handicap them in getting jobs. Their chances of becoming members of "respectable" society and enjoying its status were remote. They were on the wrong side of a gap, which is, ironically, being widened by rising living standards and the spread of equal opportunity.

In the past it was believed that poverty, insecurity of employment, and drink were the roots of crime. Remove them and all would be well. Today we know better.

Poverty, unemployment and the evils of drink have largely disappeared, but crime flourishes. The welfare state, while it protects the individual from destitution, does not by itself enable him to keep up in the competitive scramble of modern life. Nor has it really penetrated into the "delinquent" neighbourhood, where life continues to perpetuate the same anti-social standards.

It is still true that not everyone has the same chance of success. If some have little real hope at the outset, it is small wonder that they break the rules to get the material prizes, or simply play the game according to rules of their own.

Poverty and insecurity have taken on new guises. Now the worst type of poverty is to feel that your chances of "getting on" are slim: the most frightening kind of insecurity is to have no status in a world in which everybody wants to be somebody. THE END

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 28

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Let R be the number of records. Therefore she has 6R photographs and 120R cuttings. Hence $\frac{6R}{R} \times \frac{100}{10} = 120R$, or $600 = 12R$. $R = 50$.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Down on your knees and thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. (Shakespeare, *As You Like It*).
Clue Down: My old man said follow the van.
Clues Across: (A) Medico; (B) Yowl; (C) Opinion; (D) Lynx; (E) Doldrums; (F) Marrakesh; (G) Antenna; (H) Negus; (I) Swansdown; (J) Anathema; (K) Inkling; (L) Dishevel; (M) Favourite; (N) Odin; (O) Loofah; (P) Lusitania; (Q) Oolong; (R) Waterford; (S) Tarragon; (T) Hoodlum; (U) Extant; (V) Vestal; (W) Akimbo; (X) Novel.

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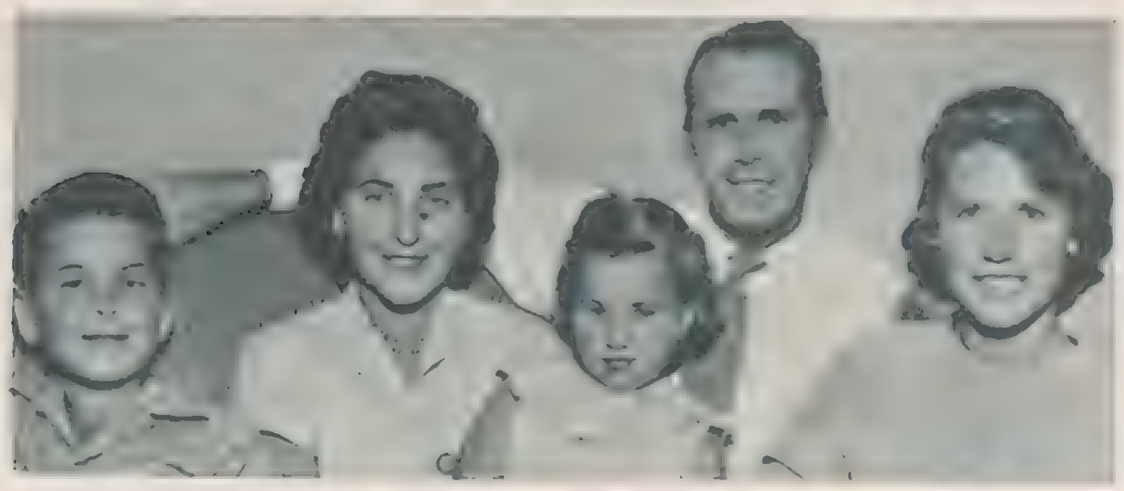
now a picture of health
thanks to FAMEL



says Mr. R. J. Davis, Park Close, Street, Somerset

"I would like to place on record my appreciation of a wonderful cough mixture which you manufacture under the name of "FAMEL". My younger daughter has been a source of worry with her everlasting coughs, catarrh, and general ill health. We have tried everything, but nothing has really helped. Now, however, since FAMEL she is a picture of health, all her previous troubles have gone and with this recent 'flu epidemic we feared the recurrence of old complaints, but for once she is still as fit and full of fun as ever. Please accept my sincere thanks for a remedy that really does all that it claims".

Famel Syrup will help *you* in the same way—quick sure relief, sound sleep at nights, and so much *more* than this: For never forget that the real trouble with 'flu, coughs and colds is *infection*—and Famel fights infection from the first dose.

Powerful 3 way help for your COUGH

QUICK RELIEF Famel first soothes away soreness and irritation, giving relief from the misery of persistent coughing and ensuring sound sleep at nights.

DEEP-HEALING PENETRATION Famel is no mere suppressant. It is a *complete* treatment, penetrating through the bloodstream, helping your system fight infection from within.

NEW STRENGTH Sound sleep, and Famel's tonic properties, build up your resistance and bring new strength for speedy recovery.

GET FAMEL FOR THAT COUGH!

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY: 2/8, 3/10, 7/6 PER BOTTLE

A wife for our Huw

continued from page 13

and found her sitting up in bed looking dazed and wondering what had happened.

It must have been a big shock to her, first to have Huw go off like that in the middle of the night, almost without a word. And then to have to get up herself and struggle down to the harbour. Because of course we all went down there that night, as we always did.

We fought our way down against the wind and the rain, Gwyn and me with little Megan between us. Great seas were pounding on the harbour wall. A lot of the other folk of Paenpwl were already there huddled together on the wall against the weather and I shouted to them over the boom of the waves to find out what the trouble was. A trawler on the coast, somebody said, and that was all anybody knew so far.

The lifeboat had already gone by the time we got there. There wasn't anything we could do except wait for it to come back.

A long wait too, it was, that time, until well after dawn. Then the boat got back at last. The crew and the men they had picked up came ashore.

As soon as she saw her Huw, Megan rushed to him and clung to him sobbing.

A hard rough trip, that, but a worthwhile one. Huw told us about it later, as we all sat round the fire. It was a Milford trawler they'd gone out to, a boat called the Rose. Drifting ashore, she was, with her engines broken down. They'd not been able to save her but they'd got everybody off her, which is all that ever really matters.

It was cruel to see Megan's face while Huw was telling us. She looked sick with horror. It was plain that the danger he had been in was the only thing that counted for her. She never gave a thought to the men that had been saved at all.

GWYN was a long time saying her prayers that night. I got tired of waiting for her to get in and settle down. When she did, I said: "She'll get used to it in time, like the other." But I had more doubts about this than I'd had about the fishing.

She might have got used to it too, if she'd had a chance, because she was a brave and loyal girl. The trouble was, she was tried a bit too hard a bit too soon. . . .

The Paenpwl lifeboat gets a lot of work to do. In the winter, when the big south-westerlies blow, there always seems to be something or other in trouble off our bit of coast.

It was out even more than usual that bad winter, and every time it went out was an agony of fear for Megan. And then the really bad time came, just before Christmas. We had a very big storm the weekend before, and on the Sunday a Liverpool-Barry coaster was reported in trouble with a bad list.

The lifeboat was too late this time. It got there just as the steamer foundered. All the men on her lost, and so was one of the lifeboat crew. Poor young Dennis Griffiths, it was, dived in to try to save someone he saw struggling in the water, and both of them swept away.

IT couldn't have been worse as far as Megan was concerned. Young Dennis was a fisherman, the same age as Huw. His wife, now a widow, was the closest friend Megan had made in Paenpwl. And there was a baby boy who'd got no father any more.

It had a shocking effect on Megan. For days afterwards she hardly spoke. She went about looking like a little ghost. It was only too easy to see what she was thinking.

She never said anything about it, not for a week. Then at supper time one evening it all came out.

We had just finished, a bit early, because Huw was due down at the lifeboat shed. Not to go to sea—it was a mild and gentle evening; only for a practice launch, to test some repairs made to the lifeboat slip. But it was enough to set things off.

Huw got up from the table and was walking across to the door when Megan suddenly jumped up too. She rushed to the door and stood with her back to it, her arms spread wide across it.

"You're not to go!" she cried. "You're not to go down there!"

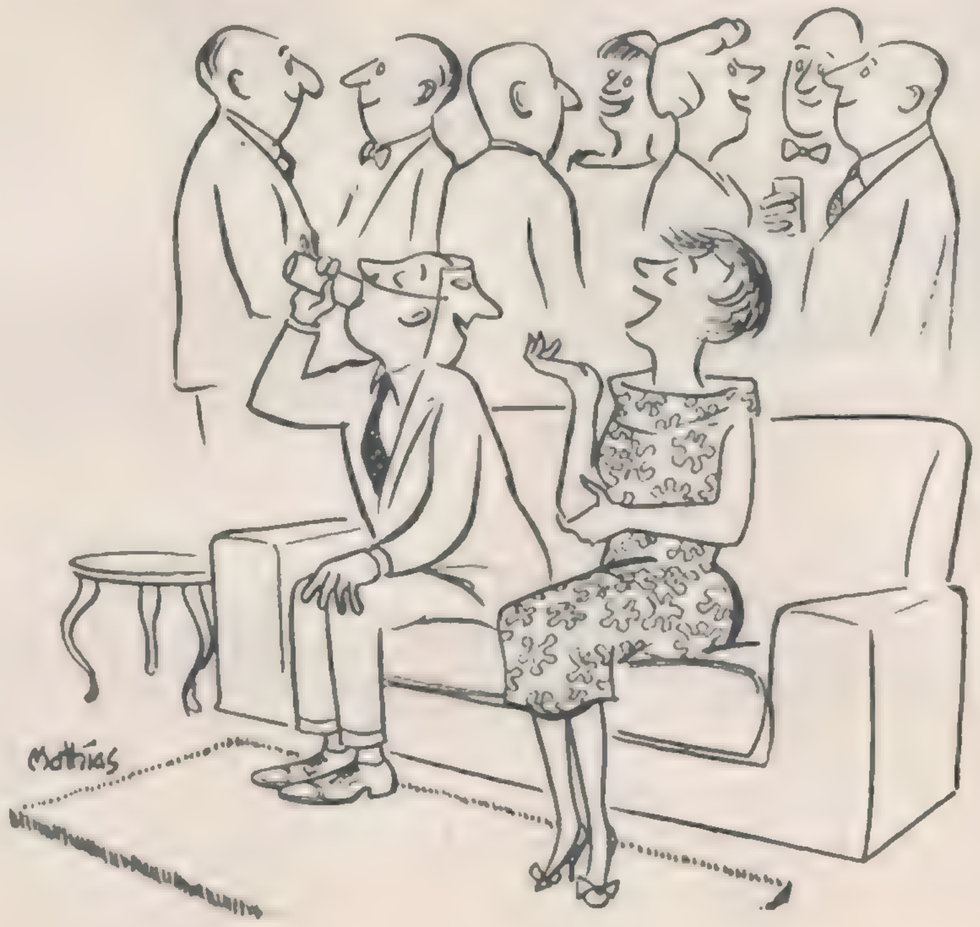
"Not go?" Huw came to a stop halfway across the room and stared at her, bewildered by the abruptness of it all, and by the wildness of her manner. "But I must, Meg. . . ."

He went up to her and took her gently by the arm, to ask her what the matter was. She tore herself away and barred the door again. "You're not to go in that boat again!" she told him. "Never, never, never!"

"But Megan—"

The poor child put the back of her hand to her mouth, as though to stop herself screaming. Shaking all over, she was. Then she tossed her long pretty hair and stood up straight, her arms to her sides. Her eyes were bright with tears, but she'd got herself under control again.

"Sorry," she said. She tried to smile, first at Huw, then at Gwyn and me. "Silly to do that. Couldn't stand it any more, that's all." She looked at Huw



again, imploringly. "Bad enough, you being a fisherman, at sea and away for days on end. Worries me stiff, that does." She began to tremble again, and her voice rose a note higher. "But worse, this lifeboat. Frightens me to death."

"But, Meg," Huw said again. He broke off, still bewildered, still not knowing how to deal with this. "I belong in the boat." He gestured helplessly. "Always a Price in the Paenpwl boat." He turned and looked across at me. "Dad there, in it nearly all his life—and Mam not minding."

"Not minding!" Gwyn exclaimed.

"Not stopping him, then."

Gwyn looked at me and smiled; a nice, sweet smile, it was, even though she was so worried. Then she said quietly: "No. Not stopping him."

Megan drew a long, shuddering breath. "Don't know how you stood it, all those years."

Gwyn shook her head, considering. "Used to it, perhaps. Lived with it all my life. Makes a difference then."

"Well, I'm not used to it!" Suddenly the poor girl was in a dreadful state again. "Never will be used to it, see?"

She turned, wrenched open the door and rushed out of the room. We heard her go running upstairs.

Huw went up after her. A little later he came down again and went out.

I said: "He's gone, in spite of all that."

"Well—he's a man, isn't he?" Gwyn said, quite sharply for her. "What else should he do?"

MEGAN never seemed quite the same after that. Gwyn and I tried to talk to her, and Huw must have spent hours at it, but she wouldn't listen. And Huw wouldn't give in. Because he couldn't. Because, as my wise old Gwyn had said, his whole manhood was at stake. Our Huw, thank God, was a straight-bred Price, and you can't tie them to apron strings.

Megan simply could not see his point of view. As so often with a woman, she could only take the whole thing personally. Huw didn't care for her enough. He didn't care for her at all. He had changed. He wasn't kind and loving any more, but selfish and cruel.

Huw told us all this. He'd got to tell someone, because he was at his wit's end. His Meg, the wife he loved so much, was building up a great bitterness against him, and he didn't know how to stop it.

By this time, too, there was a child on the way, and that was another worry.

"Better, perhaps, when the baby comes," Huw said, in desperation. "Something else for her to think about then."

But there was nothing happy about Megan's pregnancy. Always, when the baby was mentioned, she had a trapped and desperate look about her. And she seemed to get more strained and nervous and peaky every day. Gwyn said it didn't look as though she'd keep the child.

Then Megan went back to Llangollen.

"Going to stay with her mam and dad for a week or two," Huw explained. "Be a change for her. Do her good, don't you think?"

Gwyn and I didn't know what to think; except that she might never come back again. . . .

Well, she did come back. But when she did, she was like a stranger, someone who didn't belong among us at all. She didn't take any interest in anything in Paenpwl, or even in the baby she was going to have. The only time she came to life was when she was talking about her visit home.

Poor old Huw must have got a lot more of that than we did. And one day it touched him on the raw. Almost savage, it was, the way he turned on the girl.

"Sounds like heaven itself, the way you go on about it," he told her.

"Heaven it was, too, compared with this!" Megan flared up at him.

It ended there, maybe because they were with Gwyn and me at the time. But it was plain on Huw's face what he was thinking. He had flushed darkly, and he was scowling. His fierce Price temper was up, and I could see the words in his mind. *Go back there and stay there, if that's what you want.*

I knew that one day soon, unless things changed a lot, he'd be saying them aloud.

Gwyn and me talked it all over again, before we went to bed that night. We couldn't see much hope. And my poor old girl was so worried that she cried when she said her prayers.

It got worse and worse. Soon those two did nothing but snap at each other, or ignore each other in cold silence. And when, one day, Megan told us that she was going back to her mother to have the child, we felt that that really was the end. If she didn't want to be with her husband at a time like that, then she never would.

The winter was almost over by then, but the weather was still bad, as violent as it had been at any time during the long, cold dark months. The lifeboat was out twice in February. When it went out, Huw was in it, and Megan didn't try to stop him any more. She didn't go down to see the boat leave, and she wasn't there when it came back. An unheard-of-thing, that, for a Paenpwl lifeboatman's wife.

Megan was setting herself apart, not only from Huw but from the whole of Paenpwl. Clearly things couldn't go on much longer like that. But still neither Gwyn nor I could see any way out.

No one could ever have guessed that a boat-load of Irish people would do it; or, to get a bit nearer the mark, just one young Irish girl.

EARLY in March, it was. There'd been some big Irish thing on in London, and they were all on their way back. About a hundred of them were going home on a boat out of Fishguard when the worst storm of the whole winter blew up. It was a terrible storm and too much for that boat, and drove it far off course, right down to the southward until it was in dreadful peril of shipwreck on our cruel cliffs, like so many other boats before it. . . .

The story of that day and night will be told in Paenpwl for a hundred years to come; how the lifeboat went out the first time at dawn; how it came back with as many of the poor, seasick, terrified passengers as could be crammed into it; how it made another five trips in all, the last at midnight, before they were all ashore. And it is a story that will always be told with pride, for it was a triumph for our brave Paenpwl boys. Not a single one lost out of all those souls aboard!

And what a stir in the village! Only a small place, we are, and suddenly there were all those shocked, shivering, so nearly drowned people to feed and shelter.

The women fixed all that up, and it was my old Gwyn that ran the show. Wonderful, she was, bustling around, sending some here and some there, until everyone was cared for. Every house and every cottage was crammed that night, and there wasn't a Paenpwl man or woman that didn't give up their bed so that the rescued could sleep soft.

We had ten of them up at our own place, eight of them left the next day, on the buses that came for them. But the other two had to stay behind.

They were a young couple called O'Riley. Moira, the girl's name was; very young, dark-haired and pretty, much like Megan. Her husband's name was Patrick, and he couldn't have been much over twenty. Just a boy.

Moira was the reason they stayed. Seven months gone, that girl was, and ought never to have gone jaunting over to London in such a condition. But she had gone—and now the baby came early. The terrible time she had been through had brought her labour on.

She had the baby just twenty-four hours after the lifeboat brought her in. She had it in our big old double bed, in our front room. No doctor. We've only got old Doctor Prentice Hughes, and he was laid up himself just then. But Gwyn did as well as any doctor, with Megan helping her.

A boy, it was, a fine little chap too, even though he'd turned up early. And Moira was all right as well. No complications.

What a fuss! It was the O'Rileys' first, of course, and a wonderful thing for them. A great excitement for us too, having a child in the house again.

They stayed two weeks. Nice youngsters, they were. So grateful.

And they were more than grateful to Huw. Saved Moira's and the baby's life, they said. And so of course he had, or helped to anyway.

They showed Huw just how grateful they were when they told him they were going to name the baby after him. Huw O'Riley. We all laughed over that. A funny name that, for a red-headed Irishman.

Then they left us. They went back home to Dublin. And it was like a breath of spring had gone out of our lives. . . .

BY then the real spring was coming on. The weather was improving. The fishing was easier. And nothing happened to call the lifeboat out again.

We were living our usual quiet sort of life, and Megan was the quietest of the lot of us. She seemed to be more withdrawn than ever. Her own time was coming now.

Huw was worried to death about her. He still didn't know whether she meant to go back to her mother to have the baby or not. She would not discuss it.

The poor chap got right to the end of his tether. And, now that the bad season was over, he began to have second thoughts about the lifeboat.

"Pack it up for a year, perhaps I will," he said to me. "Just while the baby's little."

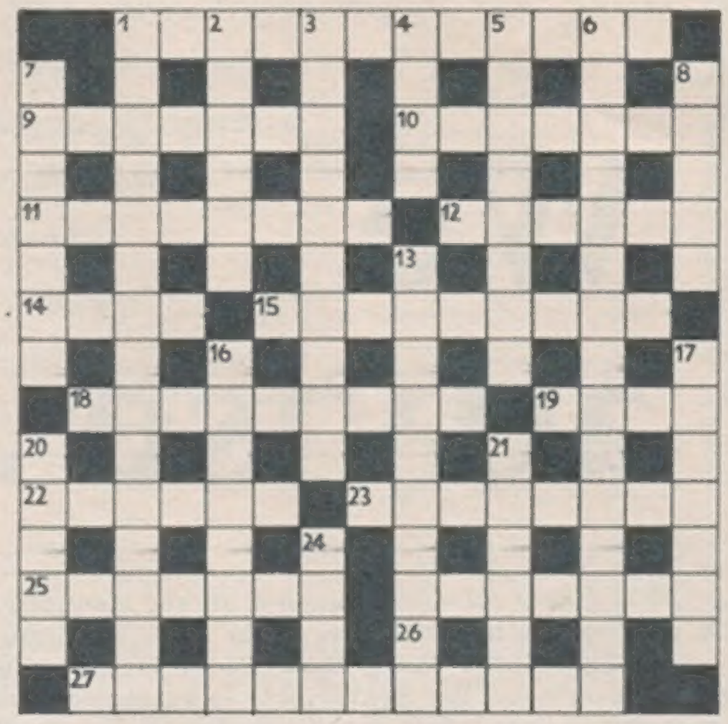
I didn't say anything. The only thing I could have said was that he was making a big mistake. I knew that if he gave it up for a year, he would be giving it up for good. And it meant so much to him. . . .

But as it happened, Megan never did go home to have her baby. He was born upstairs here in our house, like the little O'Riley one. He was a fine boy, bigger than the Irish child, which was only natural seeing that he hadn't come too soon. But Megan had a very bad time, much worse than young Moira, even with old Doctor Hughes fussing

EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 3)

by Leslie Stokes

A prize of a one-guinea Book Token will be given for each of the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 3" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, December 1. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.



ACROSS

1. One who goes round the world at the double? (5-7)
9. Get aspiration from the brae. (7)
10. Bloodless conflict. (4, 3)
11. Get together in Session 9. (8)
12. Catchy things, used on side-drums with rattling good effect. (6)
14. Not clotted in Kensington, however. (4)
15. I say, I'm not bearing ill-feeling. (9)
18. How can a poet be so contrary? (9)
19. Bright star, plainly low. (4)
22. Builder loses his head and gets another at college. (6)
23. He may construct 7. (8)
25. Beastly as a road-hog, possibly. (7)
26. Heroin's hidden near the coast. (7)
27. Forward the trained flag-waver! (7, 5)

DOWN

1. Thousand-dollar bouncing baby? (5-10)
2. Portent of trouble, but at least we're not in for tears. (6)
3. Fly in the Cock Robin case. (3-7)
4. Paddy's the husky type. (4)
5. Feature of some incredible stories. (8)
6. But first as Prince of Wales. (6, 3, 6)
7. Shorten a span. (7)
8, 17. Hold-up at the football stadium. (5-7)
13. What on earth am I doing in the garden? (10)
16. Odd to find it in one's mail. (8)
17. See 8.
20. Such clippings make the Belgian capital wild. (5)
21. Yes, this in Spain covers the rest. (6)
24. Smart for a bird with no understanding. (4)

NEXT WEEK

JOHN DAVIES'S

romantic new thriller

REVENGE

RICHARD BUSHER'S

strange and moving story

THE BEAR GIRL OF AYARPATTI

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

A FRIEND of mine has joined a limited company as its secretary, although he has no shares in the firm. Is it true that if the firm went bankrupt, this young man, as the registered secretary, would be responsible for the debts? He is extremely worried about the possibility of being left penniless through no fault of his own.—Miss M. E. M., Andover, Hants.

● Under the first schedule of the Companies Act, 1948 (section 136), the secretary of a limited company must be indemnified out of the assets of the company against any liability incurred by him in defending any proceedings, civil or criminal, in which judgment is given in his favour or in which he is acquitted, or in any application under section 448 of the Act in which relief is granted him by the court.

This means relief against claims if the secretary has acted honestly and reasonably.

You will see that by this a secretary is fully protected against any personal liability for the company's debts.

USELESS IF WET

WE are building our own house and would like to know whether there is any use in painting wet timber with creosote. We find it impossible to keep our joists and other timber used in the construction dry.—I. J. R., Port Talbot, Glam.

● The timber must be dry when the creosote is applied, otherwise it will not be effective. If the pores of the wood are already flooded with water they cannot absorb the creosote.

MY SON'S MISDEED

MY son, who is seven, accidentally broke a car window with his catapult. The owner of the car said that we must pay about £12, although his car is fully insured. Are we liable to pay this?—Mrs. A. C., Bolton, Lancs.

● Generally speaking you cannot be held liable for damage done by a child unless he was under your direct control at the time it was done.

If, however, you supplied him with a catapult, or allowed him to use one, you might be held liable for the damage.

A BETTER YIELD

I HAVE a number of National Savings certificates which matured some years ago. Can you tell me if they are still making interest and would it be to my advantage to have them converted to the new issue?—C. R., Stockport, Cheshire.

● Your certificates still earn interest, but you would get a better yield on the present issue. The maximum holding is one thousand units, costing £750.

PASSING DAMAGE

A NEIGHBOUR has a right of way through our yard and over my land to his farm, for all purposes. He recently authorized a man with a lorry-load of goods to use this way to his farm. This lorry smashed my gate and a post. The driver says he is not responsible because he was authorized by my neighbour to use the road and my neighbour says he is not responsible because he did not do the damage himself. Who is responsible?—Mrs. H. C., Presteigne, Radnorshire.

● The fact that your neighbour authorized the lorry driver to use the road does not make him liable for any damage done by the lorry-driver's negligence.

The owner of the lorry is responsible, but you could succeed in a claim against him only if you could show that the damage was caused through his negligence.

CONCRETE GONE TO POT

WE have recently had our backyard re-concreted and after a month the surface has worn off. We swept it with a soft brush only. Is the builder at fault? Should we refuse payment of the account until the surface is repaired?—B. H., Goole, Yorks.

● It appears probable that the concrete has not been mixed in a proper manner and in this case you can withhold payment until it is rectified.

It would be advisable for you to have the work inspected by a competent person so that you could use his word as evidence, if necessary.

KERBSIDE TUMBLE

EARLIER this year I fractured my leg in a fall during bad weather. The state of the footpath was the cause. It drops at least six inches on one yard and is badly made up. I spent eight days in hospital and have been visiting hospital for treatment for six months. I cannot work and have suffered great financial loss. Is there any way in which I can obtain recompense for this?—Mrs. H. C., Willenhall.

● If the state of the footpath was caused by ordinary wear and tear your local council would have no legal liability as far as your accident is concerned.

If, however, the path had been recently repaired and the work was done negligently, so as to cause a trap or other unseen danger, the council could be held liable for damages.

PLANT THAT DIED

FOR several years I have kept cacti plants and recently I lost my first one. It went brown at the base of the plant and died. What caused this, and is there any treatment I can use to prevent its happening again?—B. H., Tondu, Glam.

● If you still have the plant and the top portion appears to be healthy, you could cut away the root and rotten part of the stem and use the top as one or more cuttings.

Trouble of this kind almost invariably results from overwatering, or from the use of humus that contains disease germs.

Be extra careful in preparing the soil, and use either burned earth and sand (with only a little artificial fertilizer for older plants) or, if you have to use leafmould in small quantities, sterilize it first.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Inexpensive quick-drying enamel:** A new four-hour drying enamel which will make it possible to apply two coats of paint in one day is now being marketed through branches of Woolworth's. Suitable for exterior or interior decorating, it can be applied to any surface, and will withstand steam, heat, or boiling water, and is recommended for marine work. Simple to use, the Luxury Gloss is available in a choice of 24 shades, all intermixable. A ½-pint tin costs 2s. 6d. and an approximate quart costs 7s. 6d. By Household Brand Paints.

▶ **Self-watering jardinière:** Plants may be left unattended for a fortnight when planted in the C.W. Jardinière, a flower trough with a patent feed attachment. Plant using soil or vermiculite, and pour four pints of water down the patent feed into the reservoir below. This capillary action promotes sturdy growth in plants for indoor or outdoor display. Supplied in stove white enamel and mounted on a special stand, the height of the unit is 26 in. Price £2 19s. 6d. A similar type of trough with a scroll type stand also sells at £2 19s. 6d. By Cope and Walker, 11 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

▶ **Mixer for vanitories:** Add elegance to your vanitory unit or wash hand basin with a basin mixer. Spa have just marketed a mixer which can be supplied either in an all-chrome finish or with the dome shields in a colour choice of black, green, blue, cream or red, to match up with existing colour schemes.

It may be bought with or without a pop-up waste and is quite simple to fit. Approximate prices, 48s. 6d. and 72s. 9d. By F. H. Bourner and Co. (Engineers), Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex.

▶ **Heater-cum-towel-rail:** Useful for nursery or bathroom, the Towel-Rad has nearly 6 ft. of drying rail space and gives enough heat to keep a small room cosy. Thermostatically controlled, it can be obtained in white or any British Standards Specification colour. The loading is 350 watts and it costs less than ½d. per hour to run. Price £16 19s 11d. by Hurseal.

▶ **French polish stain removal:** If you spill some french polish, it can be removed by applying methylated spirits on a soft cloth.

A wife for our Huw

continued from previous page

around. She was very ill with it. Very ill indeed.

That finally made up Huw's mind for him. He was so thankful that Megan hadn't left him after all. And the sight of her lying there in their bed so wan and drawn and exhausted clinched the matter. . . .

We have a meeting of the lifeboatmen every Easter, as a sort of change-over from the winter to the summer season. The crew sometimes gets changed a bit then.

Just before the meeting that year, Huw went upstairs to talk to Megan. He told Gwyn and me about it afterwards.

"Going down to the lifeboat?" Megan asked him. She did her best to find a smile for him.

"That's it!" Huw said. And then added: "Going to give it up, I am. For a bit anyway."

"Give it up?" Megan said.

"That's it."

"Because of me?"

Huw reached down and touched his little son's head. "Because of both of you," he said. "Two of you to worry about now."

Megan was silent for quite a long while.

"I don't want you to give it up," she said at last.

"But Megan—"

She reached out and took Huw's hand. "Meant to talk to you about it before," she said, "but I didn't know how." She put his big, rough plam to her lips. "Forgive me, my Huw. Learned a lot, I have, these last few weeks." She paused. "Until the Irish boat, the lifeboat didn't mean anything to me—it wasn't real people you went out to save. But then you brought in all those poor souls, and that girl, and her little unborn baby. . . ."

She broke off. She was crying. And, although Huw felt like crying too, his heart was full of gladness. Because he knew he had found the real wife he had wanted at last.

Gwyn was on her knees a long time that night; so long that in the end I got fed up and said: "What the blazes are you doing down there?"

"Thanking God," she said.

"For what?"

"For all His goodness."

Sometimes Gwyn's saying her prayers raises the devil in me. I suppose it's because I'm such a damned old heathen that her true believing makes me feel guilty.

"About Huw and Megan, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes," she said.

"I suppose He wrecked that boat and nearly drowned all those people just to settle those two down?"

And all Gwyn said was: "He works in a mysterious way."

I thought about that for a long time after she'd got into bed at last and gone to sleep beside me. And in the end I thought I'd got a glimpse of the way things were.

It was that little Irish girl and her baby that had done the trick, no doubt about that. And she might have gone to any other house in Paenpwl. But she hadn't. She had come to us.

It was Gwyn that had arranged that. And I don't suppose for a moment that she knew what she was doing at the time. But Gwyn would say that, if the Lord chooses you to work His purposes out, you don't necessarily have to know what He intends.

You just have to be someone who is right for the job. Like my dear old Gwyn.

THE END

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